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THE DINNER TO THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES.

THE debate which began on Monday last in the House of Commons had been in part anticipated two days before at the dinner to Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY. The Ministers who sit in the House of Commons are respectable in ability and character, but collectively they are not powerful in debate. It is not to their discredit that none of them has taken more than a secondary part in the great transactions which have lately absorbed public attention. The conduct of foreign affairs is necessarily entrusted to one or two statesmen; and it happened that those who were officially charged with the negotiations were the most brilliant and most powerful members of the Cabinet. The entertainment which was given to the Plenipotentiaries on their return furnished a legitimate opportunity of answering beforehand the criticisms to which they were to be subjected in the House of Commons; and the propriety of the course which they followed received an odd recognition when on Monday Lord GRANVILLE continued in the House of Lords the discussion which had been opened on Saturday in the Riding School at Knightsbridge. The speeches of both the Ministers were worthy of the occasion; and their supporters in the House of Commons have only since been able to execute variations on the original theme. Lord BEACONSFIELD is perhaps by this time aware that one minor episode in his speech was a venial mistake. It would have been better in the midst of applauding friends to forget for the time matters of complaint or irritation; but Lord BEACONSFIELD could not have been blamed if he had retaliated on an inveterate antagonist either by grave remonstrance, or in one of the happy epigrams with which he has so often repelled hostility. His attack on Mr. GLADSTONE was neither witty nor argumentative, and the caricature of implied rhetorical verbosity was wholly inapplicable. The digression was undignified and ineffective, but it may easily be forgiven. During thirty years of incessant conflict the bitterness has almost always been on one side. Lord BEACONSFIELD has seldom spoken ungenerously of Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. GLADSTONE has seldom spoken generously of Lord BEACONSFIELD. The less scrupulous combatant has none of the virtuous prudery which is habitually shocked at the irregularities of an opponent. Lord BEACONSFIELD's impassive temper has for once been disturbed by the pertinacious animosity which reached its climax at Oxford. Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps also have been unjustly held responsible for the base and scurrilous libels of Lord BEACONSFIELD's daily, weekly, and monthly assailants. The authors of spiteful lampoons, consisting sometimes of a paragraph, and sometimes of a volume, will have been delighted by the proof that their envy, hatred, and malice are not directed against a wholly invulnerable object. The retort on Mr. GLADSTONE was not unprovoked, but it was undignified, unjust, intemperate, and dull.

The best part of Lord BEACONSFIELD's speech was his vindication of the conduct of the Government in dealing with the pretensions of Greece. The Government of Athens was earnestly advised to abstain from adding to the difficulties of Turkey during the war, in the hope that the SULTAN would, at the instance of England, not leave its moderation unrewarded. If Lord BEACONSFIELD is accurately informed, the SULTAN recognized his obligation; but he referred the concessions which

he was prepared to make to the judgment of the Congress. It may therefore be expected that he will acquiesce in a recommendation which tends to secure to the Kingdom of Greece a larger accession of territory than that which has been earned at a heavy cost of blood and treasure by Roumania, Servia, or Montenegro. It is also to the influence of England that the Greeks within the Ottoman dominions are indebted for exemption from the threatened supremacy of a rival race in the wide region to the south of the Balkans. Lord BEACONSFIELD's apology on this point seems to be complete; but it was in some degree rendered necessary by some injudicious expressions of his own, which had seemed to indicate a contemptuous or unfriendly feeling to the nation which he has so efficiently served. His comments on the character of the SULTAN were interesting, and perhaps they may not be unfounded. Timidity and irresolution may be partly excused in the successor of two deposed brothers, who has already seen his Ministers assassinated, and who has himself been the object of conspiracy; but an absolute sovereign who seems to be chiefly occupied in providing for his personal safety can scarcely be qualified to regenerate a decaying Empire. With the other parts of Lord HARTINGTON's Resolutions which referred to the Treaty of Berlin it was not difficult to deal. As Lord BEACONSFIELD said in his happiest manner, the document resembled a series of congratulatory regrets. The Opposition could not perhaps be expected to applaud the Plenipotentiaries for their conduct, or to admit that they had obtained any substantial success; but it was impossible to deny that the danger of war had been avoided; and the suggestion that a better course ought to have been followed could only be indirectly implied. The only issue which is seriously raised relates to the Convention of Constantinople, and not to the Treaty of Berlin.

Lord BEACONSFIELD's explanation of the motives and objects of the Government may perhaps be insufficient, but no other line of defence was possible. He declared that he had ascertained at Berlin the justice of a suspicion which he had long entertained, that the invasions of Turkey in 1853 and in 1877 might have been prevented by a display of firmness on the part of England. Of the later miscarriage he, by his own confession, shares the responsibility, though he perhaps wished his hearers to understand that his own more resolute policy had been thwarted by the slackness of half-hearted colleagues and by popular agitation. Both opinions would probably be true. Mr. DISRAELI's famous Mansion House speech was undoubtedly intended to deter Russia from a war of aggression by a threat of English interference. About the same time he confessed in a speech at Aylesbury that his policy had been temporarily overborne by the excitement caused by the Bulgarian outrages. He has sometimes been blamed for not resigning when he found it impossible to act upon his own convictions; but Ministers with large majorities at their back are not in the habit of resigning, though they are compelled to defer to public opinion. Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers actively promoted the war which the Government was powerless to prevent. It was not until the heroism of the Turkish army and the undisguised ambition of Russia had begun to produce a reaction that Lord BEACONSFIELD actively resumed the policy which he had never definitively abandoned. Instead of entreating the forbearance of the conqueror, he began steadily to arm; and conse-

quently for the first time since the beginning of the controversy the remonstrances of England were received with attention and respect. The preparations for the despatch of 60,000 men to the East, the passage of the Straits by the English fleet, the calling out of the Reserves, and, above all, the expedition of the Indian contingent, imposed moderation on Russia and rendered the Congress possible. From the experience of two unnecessary wars Lord BEACONSFIELD draws the inference that the best security against Russian encroachments in the East is a standing notice that they will in future be resisted by arms. In fifteen or twenty years the Russian resources will be replenished, and the Power which sometimes goes to war for trinkets at Jerusalem, and sometimes for the liberation of kindred races, will be at no loss for excuses to resume the interrupted conquest of Turkey. The anticipation is probable and almost certain; nor can it be doubted that the provocation which the lamb will be accused of offering to the wolf will coincide with the real or supposed unreadiness on the part of England to resist aggression. Nevertheless it seems a chimerical project for Lord BEACONSFIELD to bind his successors to the discharge of duties which, according to his hypothesis, they may neglect unless they are forced into action by the covenants of a treaty. It is impossible to know whether the Minister of fifteen years hence may be a political disciple of Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord PALMERSTON, or of Lord ABERDEEN and Mr. GLADSTONE. It is certain that the house will only be kept in peace as long as it is held by a strong man armed; but it may be doubted whether the occupier can reasonably be required to bind himself by deed to use his strength and his weapons.

The best vindication of the general policy of the Government was contained in Lord SALISBURY's eloquent speech. The English people, as he truly said, have felt that Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY himself have, "however imperfectly, been striving to pick up the thread, the broken thread, of England's old Imperial tradition." Liberal politicians have, as he proceeded to remark, endeavoured to persuade their countrymen "that all the past history of England was a mistake, that the duty and interest of England were to confine herself solely to her own insular affairs, to cultivate commerce, to accumulate riches, and not to entangle herself in foreign politics." In explaining the grounds of his own opposite opinion, Lord SALISBURY rose into an elevated region of morality and duty. The English had, he said, proved in other parts of the world, and chiefly in India, that they were capable of governing and civilizing alien races. Their success has, in spite of natural jealousy, not been without recognition in foreign countries, and especially among communities which hope to share the benefits of English rule. Lord SALISBURY had heard with a thrill of satisfaction that the people of Cyprus welcomed with unanimous enthusiasm the proclamation of the assumption of the government of the island by the QUEEN. Such powers, and such a reputation, cannot, in his judgment, rightly be abdicated or disused. "Have we a right to throw away, to hide under a bushel, to conceal in a corner such influence as this, merely lest we should at some distant time and in some inconceivable circumstances add to our responsibility?" If the time were certainly distant, and the circumstances really inconceivable, it would be difficult to reject Lord SALISBURY's stirring appeal. He utterly refuses to believe that the jealousy of other Powers will hamper efforts to extend civilization in some of the fairest portions of the earth. On this point, also, it may be well to avow a confidence which it is difficult to feel. Whatever may be the actual merits of the Convention, Lord SALISBURY rightly interprets the feeling which has reconciled the country to large expenditure and to the risk of heavier sacrifices. It is because a section of the Liberal party has felt no sympathy with the honour of England that the whole body has incurred temporary unpopularity.

THE DEBATE.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S colleagues in the House of Commons, while they console themselves during the debate by counting their probable majority, cannot but regret that their chief was not contented with the Treaty of Berlin. Lord HARTINGTON, though he discharged his duty as leader of Opposition by criticizing the de-

tails of the treaty, would evidently have dissented but little from the policy of the Ministers if they had been content with a partial modification of the Treaty of San Stefano. The Resolutions were, as far as the treaty is concerned, moderate and almost complimentary. The expression of regret that "it has not been found practicable to deal in a satisfactory manner" with Greek claims involves an admission that the alleged failure was unavoidable. Of the maintenance of peace, and the liberation of some provinces of the Turkish Empire, Lord HARTINGTON professes approval. In his speech he, with laudable candour, repudiated the theory of some of his political allies, that General IGNATIEFF's plan of creating a large Bulgarian State was preferable to the present arrangement. The Treaty of San Stefano would, he said, have been a solution exclusively in the interest of the Slavs. "In the main the provisions of the treaty were not repugnant to the views which had often been expressed" on the Opposition side of the House. Mr. GLADSTONE and the more violent assailants of the Government hold a different opinion; or, if they partially concur in Lord HARTINGTON's judgment of the actual treaty, they contend that the same object might have been more satisfactorily attained before the war by co-operation with Russia against Turkey. The House of Commons and the country will not be disposed to condemn the Government on hypothetical grounds. A satisfactory settlement actually secured will be held to justify the means by which it was attained. It is true that few supporters of the Government agree with the Opposition in rejoicing at the liberation of some Turkish provinces, or, in other words, at the establishment of a Russian dependency between the Danube and the Balkans; but it is difficult to raise a party issue on the distinction between satisfaction and acquiescence. It has been found necessary to submit to a partial reversal of the ancient policy of England, because Russia determined on a war of conquest when England was not prepared to offer active resistance. The Opposition affects to rejoice in the consequences, and so far it is precluded from passing a censure on the conduct of the Government.

The most serious objections to the Ministerial policy before and during the Congress are not urged by either party in Parliament, and only by one journal in the press. It is certain that, as Lord SANDON confessed, the English Government has not obtained complete success; but the question remains whether it would have been right to contend for an absolute triumph at the risk of war. The publication of the secret agreement between Lord SALISBURY and Count SCHOUVALOFF proved that the Government had descended from the high moral position which it assumed when it demanded the submission to the judgment of the Congress of the whole Treaty of San Stefano. But for the discreditable negligence of clerks in the Foreign Office, the Russian Government would have seemed to make a great and unconditional concession; and it is contended by ingenious and zealous critics that the same object might have been attained without any private agreement. In this instance also it is impossible to disprove a conjecture. The military situation of Russia was dangerous, but it was assuredly not desperate. The motives for making further concessions to England were strong; but perhaps they might not have been sufficient. The Emperor of RUSSIA would have incurred grave risks by attempting to enforce the Treaty of San Stefano; but he would at the same time have satisfied a powerful section of his own subjects. Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY preferred a more prudent or more timid course to a risk of war. Whether Russia would have yielded or have fought is a question which can never be determined. By the secret agreement the English Government compromised its claim to represent the general interests of Europe; but the other Powers, which have from first to last declined to incur risk or responsibility, had no right to remonstrate; nor have they, in fact, since complained. The only real opponents of the treaty are the thoroughgoing enemies of Russia in England and the thoroughgoing enemies of England in Russia. As neither class is represented in the House of Commons, the debate on the treaty has been for the most part dull and purposeless. The special criticisms of Mr. GRANT-DUFF may possibly be well founded. It may be a mistake to favour the extension of Greece in the direction of Thrace and Macedonia rather than towards the coast and the islands; but it is impossible to attract general interest to

speculative opinions. A proposed transfer of some of the islands would have suggested complaints that the just claims of Greece to extension on the mainland had been unjustly or improvidently overlooked.

Mr. BOURKE had on the first night of the debate an easy task in defending the negotiations of Berlin; but there is little satisfaction in a triumph over lukewarm opponents. It may be hoped or wished that Mr. BOURKE was justified in declaring that England is now regarded by foreign Powers with confidence and respect. It would have been more to the purpose to explain the necessity or expediency of the Convention between England and Turkey. It was also necessary for the apologists of the Government to meet the allegation that heavy responsibilities had been incurred without the previous sanction of Parliament, though Lord HARTINGTON had strangely forgotten to notice the objection which was afterwards urged with extraordinary force by Mr. GLADSTONE. It is admitted that many diplomatic transactions are only possible under the condition of secrecy. In foreign negotiations a Minister must often rely on a subsequent indemnity when he has not had the opportunity of consulting Parliament; but in all such cases he is bound to satisfy himself that he is acting in conformity with the national will. Of the instances which have been lately cited perhaps the most appropriate precedent is taken from the Congress of Vienna in 1814. At a time when it was believed in England that all the Great Powers except France were acting in the closest concert, Lord CASTLEREAGH concluded a secret treaty with France and Austria against Russia and Prussia, which were about to annex Poland and Saxony to their respective dominions. It could not be said that Parliament had even constructively sanctioned a measure of which the occasion had never been foreseen; but Lord CASTLEREAGH's policy has nevertheless been approved by the most competent judges. The Tripartite Treaty of 1856 was concluded by Lord CLARENDON with France and Austria without previous Parliamentary sanction, though it was known that all parties in England approved of almost any measure which could be devised for protecting the integrity and independence of Turkey. The treaty was in fact strenuously urged on England and France by Austria, not for its professed object, but in the hope of escaping from a state of isolation which was rendered alarming by the pretensions of Piedmont and by the undisguised resentment of Russia. The principal motive which induced Lord CLARENDON to concur in the arrangement was his well-founded suspicion of the inclination of the Emperor of the FRENCH to intrigue with Russia.

Mr. PLUNKET, whose speech fully justified his appointment to the function of moving the Ministerial Amendment, probably adopted a judicious course in vindicating the policy of the Government on vague and general grounds. The English are, as he said, an active and enterprising race, and they have not yet succumbed to great responsibilities, which have often been voluntarily incurred. If English intervention restores the ancient prosperity of Asia Minor, the extension of commerce may perhaps reward a daring and benevolent undertaking. In accordance with the cue furnished by the PRIME MINISTER himself, the supporters of the Government have contended that Russian aggression in Asia must in any case be resisted, and that there is therefore no additional risk in giving a warning which may perhaps anticipate the necessity of actual conflict. It is not generally true that a wise man will pledge himself to a course of action which he foresees that he may be compelled to take. There is no use in superadding a moral obligation to a material necessity. As Lord HARTINGTON justly said, it is impossible to calculate the contingencies of the next ten or twenty years; and the policy of England is more liable to change than the policy of Russia. The redemption of the pledge voluntarily given to Turkey will probably be required when it is most inconvenient to England. As the Russian Government broke the Black Sea Treaty when France was temporarily crippled, conquest in Asia Minor may perhaps be attempted when the forces of England are elsewhere engaged.

The debate was tame and uninteresting until Mr. GLADSTONE delivered his powerful and exhaustive speech. It is the misfortune of the Government that none of its members in the House of Commons are capable of contending with a great orator on approximately equal terms. Mr. CROSS scarcely attempted to answer

Mr. GLADSTONE; and his colleagues are barely a match for the secondary leaders of the Opposition. It has been justly said that Mr. GLADSTONE proved too much. The comparative helplessness of the Ministers in debate suggests to their supporters the reflection that Lord BEACONSFIELD and SALISBURY can scarcely have sounded the depths of moral and political degradation, and that the popular approval of their policy has probably not been accorded to criminal folly ending in national humiliation. Mr. GLADSTONE's objection to the acquisition of Cyprus as an infringement of the Treaty of Paris is an instance of his overstrained ingenuity and unconscious exaggeration. The cession of Cyprus was not to take place until the Treaty of Paris had been superseded by a new compact which wholly altered the position of Turkey, and which gave Ardahan, Kars, and Batoum to Russia. The duty of meeting Mr. GLADSTONE's sweeping criticisms will probably be undertaken in the House of Lords by the Ministers who are chiefly responsible for the foreign policy of the Government. Perhaps they will find in the division in the House of Commons their most effective apology.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

THE intelligence that the Marquess of LORNE is to succeed Lord DUFFERIN as Governor-General of Canada has been received with general satisfaction. It is felt that Lord LORNE ought to have some such stroke of good fortune. He has now for some years occupied a dubious and anxious position. He has been near Royalty, but not of it. He has walked on the borders of sacred carpets and feasted on the edge of sacred circles. It has never been understood how little, or how much, of a prince he had become. In the language of VIRGIL he has been always stretching out his hands in love of the further bank, but could not quite be ferried over in defiance of the laws of etiquette. He has seemed more the son-in-law of the QUEEN than the brother-in-law of the PRINCE OF WALES. His glory is derivative, and he is, as it were, the moon of his wife. And, in accepting this position, he gave up much. For he was born to be a little sun, in his way; and if he had married any one but a Princess he might have given her what few men have to offer to the lady of their choice. But fate willed that, instead, he should be like the Lady of Burleigh, and wear away life under the sad burden of an honour to which he was not born. It is a great thing that now, instead of being wrapped in his wedding kilt as a last vestment, he should be sent to have a good time in Canada, where he will have an opportunity of doing something, and will taste the advantages without the disadvantages of a semi-Royal standing. In England he naturally could not do much. It would have been bad taste if the QUEEN's son-in-law had opposed the QUEEN's Ministers; and on the foreign questions in which these Ministers are especially interested, the vehement eloquence of his impassioned father has never succeeded in converting or overawing Lord LORNE sufficiently to make him fall away from the ranks of the majority. Excluded in this way from the political, and in a degree from the social, life of his day, he has had recourse to the solace or pastime of elegant literature, and has not only written a tale in verse, but has performed the laborious, if enticing, feat of putting all the Psalms into English metres. But pleasures even of so tranquillizing and innocent a kind are apt to pall at last; and Lord LORNE may be reasonably glad to have so suitable and dignified a position offered him as that of Governor-General of Canada. It may be true that no one would have thought of making him a Governor-General unless he had married a Princess; but then he has married a Princess, and it is quite fair that he should enjoy some of the sweets which such a marriage brings with it. Of him may be said, what could scarcely be said of any other Governor-General, that he is under no disadvantage in having to take the place of Lord DUFFERIN. He has not to create a position but to accept one. He has succeeded before he has set foot on Canada as its ruler. The Canadians rightly think they have got hold of a perfectly unique person. Born heir to a dukedom and the headship of a clan, amiable in character, imbued with patience and tact by the very peculiar circumstances in which he has been placed, respectable as a minor poet, accustomed to work indifferently with both sides in the House of

Commons, and the husband of a real Princess, he offers to the colonial mind a combination of merits such as it is not often permitted to contemplate.

That the Royal Family, through the Princess LOUISE, should form ties of acquaintance and intimacy with the most important of our colonies is politically beneficial, and will be a source of great pleasure to the Canadians. Loyalty in Canada is a somewhat complex sentiment. It unites a reverence for everything English, a sense of awe and attachment towards the QUEEN, and a distrust for the institutions, political and social, of the United States. Possibly the day may come when in Canada and in our Australasian settlements the eyes of the people may cease to be turned with the same fond affection towards England. As time goes on the Colonies will have a history of their own. Those who set the fashion of thought there will have little or no personal knowledge of England, and it will be chiefly through literature and journalism that they will gather such information about England as they may think it worth their while to acquire. But at present England is still "home" to the colonists. They are but strangers and pilgrims in a distant land, while those who stay at home are in the centre of rest and peace. Colonists turn to England in thought as Mahometans turn bodily to Mecca. It is the sacred shrine of their affections and aspirations. The generation which is now at the head of social and political life came from England, can remember England, and loves to tell its children of the greatness, the charms, and the comforts of the land of its birth. This is more true of Australia and New Zealand than of Canada, for the history, not only of French, but of English and Scotch, Canada dates further back. But then the Canadians have the Americans by their side, and are stimulated by this contiguity to exaggerate points of difference and to show how much superior, from an English point of view, they are to their neighbours. It will be delightful to persons in this frame of mind to have a Princess among them. The excellences of Canadian society will seem more than ever transparent when society is able avowedly to model itself after an indisputable pattern; and the PRINCESS is too much the daughter of her mother not to show that simplicity and good sense are the true foundation of good manners. In the way of stimulating the attachment of Canadians to England, and in that of encouraging them in their honest and laudable wish to catch or preserve the tone of good society, the residence of the PRINCESS among them may therefore be looked on as likely to do much good. But it must be confessed that there is one point as to which some reasonable anxiety may be felt. It seems to be the view of Lord BEACONSFIELD—and it is a view founded on a considerable knowledge of human nature—that the proper fruit, the best reward, and the most powerful stimulant of loyalty are to be found in a profuse shower of titles, spangles, stars, orders and decorations of every kind. The glittering stream that has poured over India may not be exhausted; and before he has done with Canada Lord LORNE may find that he has been induced or ordered to give every man he knows a medal, and swear every lady of his acquaintance into a guild. In the long run this would be a great curse to Canadian society. It would provoke vanities and jealousies that are as yet unknown there, and it might create a revulsion of feeling that would lead Canadians to look with more complacency than they now exhibit on the institutions of their neighbours.

Under some circumstances it would no doubt be hazardous to send Lord LORNE to Canada. In critical times a Governor-General has to take a line and act for himself; and, if he makes a mistake, he must for the good of the country be recalled and a better man sent. It is impossible that any Ministry should feel as free to recall the son-in-law of the QUEEN as to recall an ordinary Governor-General; and this curtailment of the central authority in his case is a disadvantage which in conceivable circumstances might be a serious one. But in ordinary times, now that communication with home is so rapid, the post of Governor-General is one very easy to occupy for any one with the training, the character, and the abilities of Lord LORNE. To smile and to telegraph are really the only duties which the Governor-General has to discharge. If he does both persistently, he cannot go far wrong. The smiling is the hard part. A good Governor-General must be pleasant to all men, interested in all things, and a master of the great

art of seeming to receive most valuable information from persons who have nothing to tell him. He must, of course, go through some work. He must show that he has some reason to view Canadian finance with anxiety. He must make himself understand where the Pacific Railway is supposed to be going; and he must learn to support with arguments of some plausibility the statement which he will have to repeat in a thousand speeches, that Canada is the most promising country in the world. Some storms there will always be in every colonial teapot, and Lord LORNE will certainly have to face more than one Ministerial crisis. But if he is hard pressed he can always say he must consult the Crown lawyers, and meanwhile telegraph home for instructions. Of dangers of a more serious kind there appear to be few in Canada at present, unless the animosity of religious sects can be said to be a cause of serious danger. The two great tasks to be achieved before Canada could be as it is now have been satisfactorily achieved already. We have brought or bought ourselves into terms of cordial amity with the United States, and the different provinces have been federated into a Dominion. Lord DUFFERIN has contributed powerfully towards the attainment of these ends, and has been equally distinguished as the head of Canadian politics and the head of Canadian society. A review of his career in Canada may, however, be deferred until he has quitted the scene of his labours. At present we have to do, not with him, but with his successor; and Lord LORNE may be congratulated, not only on getting away from inactivity to an arena of exertion, and on being able to take with him a Princess, but also on having fallen on favourable times, and on having a path open to him which is seemingly as free from thorns and obstacles as any path in human life can be.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

THE returns of the German elections are not as yet sufficiently complete to make it quite clear how the new Parliament will be constituted. But it is clear that the success of the Government has not been sufficient to justify the dissolution. The National Liberals have suffered, but they are still strong. Their leaders have been returned, and it is they and not the Conservatives who have wrested four seats from the Socialists. Roughly speaking, they formed about one-third of the last Parliament, and it was in alliance with them that Prince BISMARCK governed. At last he quarrelled with them on questions of finance. He wanted an increase of the annual sum devoted to the army. This sum has been granted for a fixed period of seven years, and is calculated to supply the wants of an army numbering slightly more than four hundred thousand men. But prices have recently risen, and the Government says, and probably says with truth, that the sum voted is not enough under present circumstances. In order to provide more money taxation must be increased, and the National Liberals were not unwilling to increase taxation if an increase, however welcome, was indispensable. But they claimed that such new taxes as might be granted should not be granted for a fixed period, but should be under the annual control of Parliament. This raised a question of principle, for it would have introduced something like a real Parliamentary system, and would have given the Parliament the means of criticizing and supervising the Government. There was no reason to apprehend that if taxes acceptable to the Parliament had once been imposed, they would have been repealed in subsequent years, so long as the money they produced was shown to be really required. But Prince BISMARCK dislikes the whole principle of Parliamentary control, and would not have the money he asked for unless it was given in his own way. Even, however, if this preliminary difficulty could have been overcome, there remained a cause of wide difference in the nature of the taxes to be imposed. Prince BISMARCK had made up his mind that Free-trade was, in Germany at least, a piece of romantic nonsense, and he wished not only to get money, but to get it by duties which would also be protective. The National Liberals still cling, even in its present hour of trial, to Free-trade, and so they refused to follow their old ally in the direction of Protection, as they also refused to follow him in the direction of prerogative. Each party to the alliance seemed reduced to complete inaction, when a third cause of quarrel arose. The Parliament refused to pass the Bill proposed

by the Government for the suppression of Socialism, principally because it took such offences as the Bill was to guard against out of the jurisdiction of the tribunals, and submitted them to the decision and management of the Administration. When the second attempt to murder the EMPEROR was made, Prince BISMARCK thought he could turn the incident to his political advantage. The Parliament was suddenly dissolved, on the ground that it was impossible to rely on it for the enactment of such measures as were absolutely necessary to protect the life of the sovereign; and it was hoped that, in the enthusiasm of wounded loyalty, the nation would return a Parliament which would cling to prerogative and Protection, and would not care whether a few vulgar persons were tried by tribunals or placed at the mercy of the police.

Directly the Government had made up its mind to take this opportunity of crushing the Liberal party, it also determined to omit no means of making its victory complete. The Government papers were set to vilify the National Liberals, to insult them, to rake up every calumny which malice could suggest against them. The strongest pressure was put on all officials to see that Government candidates were properly favoured and Opposition candidates properly discountenanced. In every possible way it was preached that not to return the Government candidates was to favour the disruption of society and the end of religion, property, and order. Panic-stricken Germans whispered that they were in the state in which Frenchmen were last year, and that a reign like that of the 16th of May had begun on the other side of the Rhine. The National Liberals had therefore, not only to maintain causes excellent in themselves—such as Parliamentary control, Free-trade, and the supremacy of the law—but they had to maintain them in face of a very high-handed interference with the freedom of elections. It is most creditable to them that they should not have flinched from the contest, and to the nation that it should not have hesitated to support them. At no period of their history have Germans shown so much political capacity. Foreigners can hardly realize how intense is the devotion of Germans to their aged EMPEROR, and how difficult it is for them to withstand the argument that, when called on, they must place loyalty above every other consideration. But they have refused to be misled. They looked at the facts as they really were, and saw that the real question raised was not one of loyalty at all. They knew that any Parliament would be sure to pass such measures as might be necessary to protect the life of the sovereign, and they could not believe that the right way to repress Socialism was to supersede the law, and substitute the rule of administrative despotism. They thought that the true way for sensible men to oppose the Socialists was to meet them at the poll and beat them. They therefore combated not only the Government and their old clerical antagonists, but also the Socialists, at whose progress the Government professed to be so deeply alarmed. It is surprising that under circumstances so unfavourable they should have succeeded so well. They could have no hope of retaining their strength unimpaired. Government pressure, if it is sufficiently unscrupulous, is sure to do something for the cause it espouses. The Government of the 16th of May, although it failed on the whole, succeeded in carrying many seats which properly belonged to its opponents. There will, therefore, be fewer National Liberals in the new Parliament than in the old. The complete returns will probably show a greater success for the Government than the imperfect returns would indicate, for it is in the outlying districts from which returns are received most slowly that the pressure of Government interference is most severely felt. But at any rate the National Liberals have held their own in the great towns and in the well-known centres of their strength. The Government may be able to dispense with an alliance with them, but they will constitute an Opposition strong and compact enough to force the Government to reckon with them on all important questions.

It is rumoured that Prince BISMARCK, finding himself disappointed in his hope of having at his command a majority of factitious loyalists, is beginning to look for what he wants in another direction. If he could but make his peace with the clerical party, he could get what numerically would be a strong following. The Conservatives would of course be with him; not only those who call themselves Free Conservatives, because they consider themselves free to do whatever Prince BISMARCK wishes, but

also the sterner Conservatives who wish to act up to Conservative principles. In their circles the May laws were as much disliked, or nearly as much, as by the Ultramontanes against whom they were primarily directed. The Conservatives were not a numerous body in the last Parliament, and they do not appear to have gained by the elections to any extent at all proportionate to the exertions made by the Government in their favour. But with the Ultramontanes added to them Prince BISMARCK would have something like a majority at his command. It is always difficult to speak of majorities in a German Parliament when anything like a close reckoning has to be made, because there are always a set of non-descripts, like Poles, Alsations, and those who come from small States with no other object than to upset the Empire, and give the small States to which they belong their own again. But it is probable that most of these outsiders would go with the Government in any great programme of reaction. It is, therefore, not improbable that, if Prince BISMARCK would consent to repeal the FALK Laws, to let the vacant sees be filled by bishops favoured at Rome, and to give the religious orders free play, he might, on the other hand, get a supplement to the army fund voted for a period of years, bring back Protection, and get any measure passed against the Socialists he pleased. But he would purchase this triumph at so enormous a price that, until he really consents to the sacrifice, it will be impossible to believe that he will make it. Not only would he have to reverse his whole domestic policy, but he would have to change the character of the German Empire. It is not to be supposed that, even if he threw himself into the arms of a clerical and Conservative majority, the Empire would fall to pieces. It would retain the strong bond of union which its military system supplies. The army would rule Germany, and Prussia would rule the army. The Empire might, in fact, be held together by a military despotism, and a military despotism in the hands of such a man as Prince BISMARCK is eminently cohesive. But the army would be its only cement. It would no longer be knitted together by the ties of national feeling and national enthusiasm. Force, not opinion, would be its basis; and in the long run force in such a country as Germany is sure to break down. The end of Prince BISMARCK's triumph would be to upset the great work of his life. He is so headstrong and so impatient of opposition that, rather than not have his way now, he might choose to run even so great a risk. But he is also so much of a statesman that, even if he had to swallow some present mortification, it is difficult to believe that he would run it.

SOUTH AFRICA.

A SHORT debate in the House of Commons in the course of last week on polygamy in Natal recalled attention to South African questions which are liable to be overlooked in the excitement of more pressing and more important controversies. The House of Commons approved the refusal of the COLONIAL SECRETARY to appoint a Commission of Inquiry either into the administration of law in Natal or the relations between the natives and the Governments of the different colonies. As some of the speakers observed, Sir BARTLE FRERE is much better than a Commission; and it is of the utmost importance not to impair his authority or to interfere at present with the subordinate Governments. As the native population in Natal numbers the English settlers nine or tenfold, it is not surprising that some objectionable customs prevail within the limits of the colony. Alderman MCARTHUR proposed to censure the enforcement by Colonial Courts of rights and contracts connected with polygamy; but the first step to the introduction of good law is the substitution of law for force. The local Government has begun the system of withdrawing its native subjects from the authority of their chiefs; nor can there be any doubt that the abolition of tribal organization is an indispensable condition of improvement. The Zulus in Natal, like other Kaffre races, are accustomed, not only to polygamy, but to that common tenure of land which Socialists would restore in Europe. Experience shows that they can only be civilized when private ownership is substituted for occupation by tribes; and the process has already begun. It is also necessary to administer regular justice; and, for the present, colonial tribunals can only protect rights which exist, including those which depend on polygamy. In course of time the

natives may probably imitate their European neighbours so far as to discontinue some of their barbarous customs. In the meantime it is necessary to connive at practices which cannot be immediately suppressed. Innovations which would certainly be distasteful to the native population of Natal would be especially inexpedient while kindred tribes on the other side of the colonial frontier are threatening war. The coloured races in South Africa have happily not yet invented any ethnological doctrine of Pan-Kaffreism; but the war with the Gaikas and Galekas has produced agitation among distant tribes; and the Zulu King, who is the most formidable potentate in South Africa, has not abandoned his ancient quarrel with the inhabitants of Transvaal, although the province has now changed its allegiance.

A blue-book containing further correspondence on the affairs of South Africa which has been lately issued may be studied with advantage both by those who are interested in the affairs of the Colonies, and by general politicians who wish to understand the complex fabric of the British Empire. The constitutional question raised by Sir BARTLE FREER's dismissal of his Ministers has happily been settled for the present by the approval of his measures in a vote of the Colonial Parliament; but the history of the dispute illustrates the risks and difficulties which attend the modern experiment of responsible government. The factions perversity of Mr. MOLTENO and Mr. MEERIMAN is unfortunately not without parallel in other colonies, although it could scarcely have been anticipated that even colonial Ministers would insist on conducting a war without concert with the military authorities. It is impossible to conjecture the consequences which might have ensued if the Cape Parliament had refused to sanction the change of Government. Sir BARTLE FREER combines, with other statesmanlike qualities, firmness of character and command of temper in the face of gross provocation. His late Ministers were as discourteous as they were unreasonable; and perhaps the GOVERNOR might have forfeited public support if he had been tempted to retaliate. Sir BARTLE FREER resolutely opposed the proposal of his Ministers that the rebel natives should when taken prisoners be put to death without trial at the discretion of Volunteer officers; but, on the other hand, he confuted in an elaborate and conclusive statement a remonstrance in which the Aborigines Protection Society attempted to prove that the native aggressors were not responsible for the quarrel. "I really do not know," he said, "where in history a clearer case is to be found of deliberate and unprovoked aggression of one tribe or nation on another." The Society had, after the fashion of philanthropists, taken up the cause of the Galekas solely because they were barbarous aliens against the comparatively civilized Fingos within the limits of the colony who were "aggravating in their boastful industry and prosperity." It is not an easy task to deal at the same time with benevolent interlopers at home, with litigious and contumacious Ministers in the colony, and with predatory barbarians. Roman Proconsuls were as vigorous and as successful as English Governors, but they had no colonial Parliaments or responsible Ministers, and they seldom thought it part of their duty to protect from wrong the tribes which they coerced into civilization.

A part of the correspondence relates to the Eastern settlements. Natal and the Transvaal, though they are not yet troubled with responsible government, have serious anxieties of their own. For two or three years past CETEWATO, King of the Zulus, has threatened an invasion of the Transvaal, though he has hitherto professed a friendly disposition to the English Government of Natal. It was partly in the hope of preventing a Zulu war that the Transvaal was annexed, for the English authorities were persuaded that the Dutch farmers both preferred exorbitant claims and took no sufficient measures for resisting a formidable enemy. Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE, who has since governed the country of which he effected the annexation, has on fuller knowledge altered his opinion of the title of the Dutch settlers to the disputed territory. He now finds that the boundary which he had supposed to have been arbitrarily settled by the Boers had been fixed by agreement with the Zulus in 1861. Sir HENRY BULWER, Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, has, with the consent of both parties, appointed a Commission to examine the conflicting claims, with an appeal to the High Commissioner or agents whom he may appoint; but the people of the Transvaal regard the

arbitration with little confidence, suspecting with some reason that CETEWATO will reject any award which may not confirm his pretensions. It is doubtful whether war can in any case be avoided. The Zulus, whose existence as a conquering tribe dates only from the early part of the present century, are rather an army than a nation. Like many tribes in a corresponding stage of civilization, they consider war the main business of life, and despise all occupations except military service. They are divided among themselves by curious feuds, which often result in bloodshed, not without encouragement from the King, who derives a main part of his revenue from fines imposed on the combatants. Sometimes regiments of young men pick quarrels with married regiments, with the result, and probably for the purpose, of obtaining wives for themselves. The King often assures agents of the colonial Governments that he is urged to war by his followers; and there is some reason to believe his statement. According to native informants, the chiefs are anxious to get rid of a sanguinary tyrant, and they consider that war would facilitate revolution. The best security for peace would be the presence of a considerable force; and it may be hoped that, if the Galeka rebellion is effectually suppressed, General THESIGER may be able to spare one or more regiments for the protection of Natal and the Transvaal.

There is reason to hope that the independent tribes of South Africa may ultimately become, like many of the natives in the colonies, peaceable and civilized; but it will be in the first place necessary that they should be gradually reduced to subjection. As long as they are governed by despotic chiefs they will have no security for property or life; and they will not settle down as agricultural communities. Both at the Cape and in Natal natives increase and flourish without any of the mysterious tendency to decay which has been observed in North America and New Zealand. In course of time they will be qualified to exercise civil and political rights; but great difficulty will be found in placing them on an equality with colonists of European descent. Representative institutions have never proved successful where the constituencies have been widely separated by race or religion. Englishmen and Dutchmen will never, in deference to any constitutional formula, submit to be governed by a coloured majority. For this reason it would be impossible or absurd to establish universal suffrage in Natal. On the other hand, an English majority will scarcely command or deserve the confidence of the natives. The control of the Imperial Government may, when it is allowed to exist, diminish the difficulty; but the Cape is already independent in the conduct of domestic affairs; and the other South African colonies will soon demand equal privileges. If English statesmen prove unequal to their predecessors, they will not be able to excuse their degeneracy on the pretext that their tasks have become less complicated or less arduous.

POLITICAL FANCIES IN PARIS.

POLITICIANS who find themselves destitute of consoling facts must perforce content themselves with consoling rumours. It is a long time before a party can resign itself to hopeless exclusion from public affairs. Every passing chance will be caught at in the interval, and where no chances offer themselves they will be freely manufactured. This is the process which is now going on in Paris. Rumours of possible efforts to avert the seemingly inevitable establishment of the Republic are again in circulation. Nothing is said this time of a *coup d'état* to be effected by Marshal MACMAHON. The reactionary parties may have learned little else from the 16th of May, but they seem to have learned that the MARSHAL is not to be depended on in the kind of enterprise which alone can bring them success. The story now goes that the MARSHAL is to be induced to resign either in view of the senatorial elections or as soon as they have been held. The two Chambers will then meet in congress to elect a President, and three candidates are spoken of. General CHANZY is the favourite of the Conservatives who have to all appearance definitively accepted the Republic; M. GRÉVY will be put forward by the Left Centre; and M. GAMBETTA will unite the entire Left, with the exception of a few irreconcilables whose opposition will be of no moment. The

reactionary calculation is that the MARSHAL'S resignation will break the tie which has hitherto kept these three sections of the Republican party in something approaching to harmony. Each section will feel that upon its success or failure in the election of a President its chances for the next seven years will depend, and will be proportionately unwilling to waive its claims. A Republican party divided into three warring factions, each insisting on the merits of its own candidate, will not, it is thought, be an edifying spectacle. So little edifying, indeed, will it be, that it is expected to be more than some general or other will be able to endure. The part to be played is assigned to various persons, but the part itself remains the same. The army is to be brought forward as the Saviour of France, the contending factions of the Republican party are to be reduced to silence—or, at all events, to submission—by a military pronunciamiento, and force in one form or another is to usurp the place and functions of law. The inventors of this string of events do not concern themselves with what is to happen after this. They are so content with the destructive part of the programme that they do not even suggest what is to be set up in the room of the Republic. The essential weakness of all the recent attempts to overturn the Republic is apparently unchanged. Royalists and Imperialists are still ready enough to combine for negative purposes, but they are still powerless as soon as some positive agreement is needed. In theory, perhaps, each would prefer the triumph of the other half of the coalition to the continuance of the Republic; but when they are asked to make themselves actively instrumental in bringing about the triumph of that other half, it is more than they can bear. There seems no reason, therefore, to suppose that the prospects either of the Empire or of the BOURBON Monarchy are any brighter than they have lately been. Even if the reports now in circulation have any truth in them, it is a truth which does not go very far. They may augur bad times for the Republic, but they do not augur good times for either of the parties who wish to profit by the Republic's fall. If there be a sufficiently ambitious and popular general in the French army, he may be disposed to fight for his own hand, just as NAPOLEON I. did; but it is not at all likely that his success will bring any advantage either to NAPOLEON IV. or HENRY V.

The least improbable part of the story is that Marshal MACMAHON should be contemplating resignation. His position cannot be a pleasant one, and both his taste and his conscience probably warn him that it may be better to retire while it is still possible to do so voluntarily than to wait till his term of office is over, and to leave the Elysée without even the credit of having found it too Radical for his taste. Even if this part of the story turns out to have no foundation, and the MARSHAL remains in office till November 1880, that date is not so remote as to shut out all speculation as to what is to happen when the election of a new President becomes a necessity. If General CHANZY, M. GRÉVY, and M. GAMBETTA are the candidates between whom the Chambers will have to make their choice, it does not much matter whether the choice is to be made one year or another. Two years is not too long a period in which to lay plans for an undertaking seemingly so desperate as the re-establishment of a military despotism in France. When, however, we come to the contingencies from which the resignation of Marshal MACMAHON is supposed to derive its value in reactionary eyes, their improbability seems to be very great. The success of the supposed conspiracy requires three things—a practical impossibility of securing an adequate degree of popular acceptance for a new President; a general bold enough and ambitious enough to run the risks of a military revolution; and troops sufficiently devoted to him to make such a revolution successful. To reckon upon either one of these three contingencies is to assume a great deal. It is conceivable no doubt that at the first trial parties in the Chambers might be so equally divided that a second vote might be necessary to give some one of the candidates an actual majority of votes. But it is scarcely conceivable that the rivalry between M. GAMBETTA and M. GRÉVY should be so intense that the one would not withdraw in favour of the other, even though by maintaining his candidature he would probably ensure the election of General CHANZY. Besides this, very great doubt rests, and always has rested, on M. GAMBETTA'S views with regard to the Presidentship. The functions of the President are still undefined. If the constitutional

theory triumphs, Marshal MACMAHON'S successor will be a less important person than Marshal MACMAHON himself. Since the 16th of May M. GAMBETTA and his friends have continuously insisted on the necessity of making the President a mere figurehead of the Republic, and of vesting the actual administration of the Republic in the hands of a responsible Cabinet. M. GAMBETTA has, up to this time, given no signs of having changed his views in this respect; and though he may not feel that what is best for France with Marshal MACMAHON President would necessarily be best for France if M. GAMBETTA were President, it would be difficult to change his tone the moment that he became President. It seems most probable, therefore, that, if M. GAMBETTA were thoroughly assured that the relations between the President and the Cabinet would in future be thoroughly constitutional, he might prefer being Prime Minister to being President. There can be no question which is the most important post in a really constitutional system, and M. GAMBETTA is not at all the man to catch at the shadow while letting the substance go. Even if he be more eager after the first place in the Republic than he has yet shown himself, it is unlikely that, if M. GRÉVY should obtain more votes at the first, M. GAMBETTA would not at once retire in his favour. If, on the other hand, M. GAMBETTA were the favourite candidate, it would give the lie to the tradition of a whole lifetime if M. GRÉVY did not at once give his rival all the support that can be derived from a frank surrender of antagonistic claims.

Even if the anticipated rivalry between the candidates were realized, there would still be a general to be looked for, and an army ready to support him. The policy which Marshal MACMAHON has pursued in regard to military appointments is a practical security against the first contingency, and the change in the whole system by which the army is recruited is a virtual guarantee against the other. If young and able officers had been brought to the front, a NAPOLEON might have been found among them. If the army were still a separate force, having no real connexion with the body of the nation, there might be materials for him to work on if he were forthcoming. As it is, both conditions are conspicuously wanting, and in their absence the latest hopes of the reactionary parties seem to be more visionary than any that have yet been entertained by them.

MR. PLIMSOLL ON PREROGATIVE.

THE Convention with Turkey has had the unexpected result of transforming Mr. PLIMSOLL into a HAMFLEN. His speech in moving the rejection of the Duke of CONNAUGHT'S Establishment Bill is quite in the grand style of the Long Parliament. Mr. PLIMSOLL is no theoretical Republican. He is not blind to the solid benefits of monarchical government, or anxious to pull down established institutions with no thought of what is to be put in their place. On the contrary, he has been in continual conflict with his constituents on this very point. They, or a portion of them, have, it seems, an abstract preference for a Republic; and, having this, they have more than once taken Mr. PLIMSOLL to task for voting in favour of Bills similar to that which was before the House of Commons on Wednesday. Mr. PLIMSOLL has hitherto been equal to the challenge. He has contended that while we have a monarchy—this conditional way of putting it being perhaps meant to soothe down some too violent exhibition of abstract preference—it is fitting that the Royal state should be maintained in suitable splendour. He has allotted discriminating praise to HER MAJESTY'S personal virtues. He has pointed to the United States, and denounced the "great and immoral expenditure" to which that unhappy people is subject at every change of President. "With these reasons," says Mr. PLIMSOLL modestly, "I have hitherto succeeded in satisfying my constituents." How is it, then, that Mr. PLIMSOLL not only feels that these reasons will satisfy his constituents no longer, but that they no longer satisfy himself? Why is it that he cannot allow another Royal Establishment Bill to pass without coming forward in person to move its rejection? It is the Anglo-Turkish Convention that has worked this terrible change. Never again, your Majesty, Mr. PLIMSOLL cries. Once you had no more obedient subject than S. PLIMSOLL, but loyalty itself demands that I should point out to your Majesty how deeply you have

erred, and, so far as it is in my power, stop the supplies until you have seen and repented of your fault. Mr. PLIMSOLL now knows that it is within the prerogative of the Crown for the monarch to pledge the lives and property of her people to the most unlimited extent, not only without the consent of the nation, but without its knowledge. If that be so, Mr. PLIMSOLL has been deceived as to the English Constitution. It is not what he thought it was, and every grant he has voted to the Royal Family has been got from him under false pretences. This is no time, however, for vain regrets. Mr. PLIMSOLL must be up and doing. The Constitution must be altered, the prerogative must be curtailed, "and that right speedily." But until the Constitution has been altered and the prerogative curtailed "right speedily" there must be no more Royal marriages; none at least except such as the Royal Family are willing to contract upon the incomes they have enjoyed in their celibate state. Until the claims involved in the conclusion of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty are swept away, no money shall be granted to the support of the Monarchy with Mr. PLIMSOLL's consent. The QUEEN may still draw the income she has been accustomed to draw; but she will know that, if Mr. PLIMSOLL had his way, not a penny of it would leave the Exchequer. Let me see, we can imagine Mr. PLIMSOLL saying to himself, how she will enjoy it under these conditions.

It seems a little hard that the QUEEN should suffer, even in Mr. PLIMSOLL's estimation, for a step which, according to the Constitution as understood by Mr. PLIMSOLL, she had no choice but to take. From Mr. PLIMSOLL's speech it might be thought that the concealment of the Convention from Parliament was the work of the QUEEN. He takes no account of the share which her Ministers have had in it. Thus, by a strange inconsistency, we find Mr. PLIMSOLL really advocating personal government. He opposes the Duke of CONNAUGHT's Establishment Bill because the QUEEN did not take matters into her own hands, and against the advice of her Cabinet communicate the Convention to Parliament. This is surely a little hard on the Sovereign. If Mr. PLIMSOLL held the doctrines of the *Quarterly Review* on the prerogative, his attitude would be intelligible. He might then be of opinion that when the QUEEN thinks that a treaty which her Ministers propose to keep secret ought to be made public, she is by the Constitution authorized to make it public behind, so to say, her Ministers' backs. Coming from an assailant of prerogative this theory is exceedingly puzzling. It would be interesting to see it worked out in detail, with a full statement of the particular acts by which the QUEEN—supposing her to be of Mr. PLIMSOLL's mind about the Convention—could have prevented Lord BEACONSFIELD from keeping it secret. Mr. PLIMSOLL apparently hankers after an English 16th of May. He would have had HER MAJESTY dismiss Lord BEACONSFIELD, denounce the Convention to Parliament, place the Opposition in office, and then appeal to the electors to condone what she had done. Does Mr. PLIMSOLL suppose that all this would have involved less interference with the Constitution than what has actually happened? The truth is that he has allowed his constitutional enthusiasm to run away with him. If the prerogative has been strained, it has been strained by the QUEEN's adviser, not by the QUEEN; and the proper remedy, if it could be had, would be to oppose Lord BEACONSFIELD's Establishment Bill. It is he who ought to be condemned to lead a single life, not the Duke of CONNAUGHT, and we recommend Mr. PLIMSOLL for the future to lie in wait for some indication that the PRIME MINISTER is contemplating applying to Parliament for a grant to enable him to marry. Then the speech of last Wednesday would be so entirely in place that no one would mind hearing it over again. It is within the power of the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. PLIMSOLL would say, to pledge the lives and property of the QUEEN's subjects to the most unlimited extent, not only without the consent of the nation, but without its knowledge. Until this claim is swept away Lord BEACONSFIELD's salary must be withheld. That is a proposal which would, at all events, be fair as coming from a man holding Mr. PLIMSOLL's view as to the proper relation between Parliament and the Executive. But to visit Lord BEACONSFIELD's sin on the QUEEN is not fair, even in a man holding Mr. PLIMSOLL's view, and we look forward to another speech from him explaining that in the present inflamed state of his constitutional instincts he did not see

clearly which was the right horse on which to put the saddle.

Mr. PLIMSOLL's motion was seconded by a very different man in a very different speech. It is quite true, as Mr. BURT says, that men who work hard for 20s. or 25s. a week do not look at this proposal from the same point of view as those who have 20,000l. or 30,000l. a year. This may seem only a truism, but it is a truism which suggests a doubt whether a system under which every such grant is brought under the notice of men who work hard for 20s. or 25s. a week is the best possible system of providing for the proper maintenance of the Sovereign and the Sovereign's family. The question is not at all an easy one, because there are some advantages about the present arrangement, and some disadvantages about any that can be suggested in room of it. At present no precise limit has been fixed to the degree of relationship to the Sovereign which will be held to confer a title to a Parliamentary grant, and if, as the grandchildren of HER MAJESTY come of age and marry, Parliament is in each case to be applied to for a provision, it is plain that we may be hereafter landed in many needlessly irritating debates. The petty opposition which was offered on Wednesday to the progress of the Duke of CONNAUGHT's Establishment Bill does not supply a fitting occasion for the serious discussion of this question; but it is not the less a question that will eventually demand consideration in the interest alike of loyalty and of good government.

BELGIAN PARTIES.

THE August number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains an interesting survey of Belgian politics by M. DE LAVELEYE. It is written, of course, from the Liberal standpoint, and it is strange to see how far the Belgian Liberals, even as represented by so thoughtful and moderate a writer as M. DE LAVELEYE, have diverged from the principles which used to be associated with the name. Indeed the conclusion most strongly suggested by the present relations of Belgian parties is that both are equally afraid of trusting to the weapons in which they professedly place confidence. The Liberals abuse the Church, and abuse it with a great deal of justice, because it is always trying to regain power in temporal matters. But the measures by which they propose to curb this tendency usually resolve themselves into an attempt to make a counter raid upon the spiritual domain, which in theory they recognize as belonging to all who can establish their ability to occupy it. The Church rests both her claim to supremacy and her hopes of realizing that claim upon the influence she can exert on the spiritual nature of man; but in practice she builds her expectations on measures which savour far more of the arm of flesh than of the sword of the spirit. M. DE LAVELEYE enumerates several curious examples of this tendency. Before the recent changes in the electoral law secret voting, though it existed in name, had no existence in fact. Anybody who cared to do so could find out how an elector voted, and among right-thinking Catholics there are necessarily many who wish to see others as right-minded as themselves, and as a prelude to this are anxious to make them act as though they were right-minded even before they have actually become so. The voting papers used to be supplied by the party agent, and if they were not found at the counting of the votes the elector knew that certain consequences would follow. If he were a tenant his farm would be given to some one else. If he were a shopkeeper the custom of the neighbouring convent would be taken from him. When the clergy had discovered a way to make sure of electors, they next set about the manufacture of them. The qualification for a vote is the payment of about thirty-three shillings in direct taxes, and among the taxes which make up this amount is one on horses kept wholly or partly for pleasure. The majority of the Belgian peasantry only keep horses for use, so that but for the ingenuity of the clergy they would have wanted the necessary qualification. The way in which this want was supplied is an excellent instance of how an important end may be attained with the smallest possible expenditure. In every village the priest provided a saddle which was lent in turn to the peasants; each man would then place the common saddle on his cart-horse and ride him up and down before the tax-gatherer's door. It was plain that, as

no farm operations were being carried on, the peasant must be riding for his pleasure and for his pleasure only. This brought the cart-horse within the category of *chevaux mixtes*, and the tax-gatherer levied the impost as a matter of course. The introduction of the English system of voting has put an end to the coercion of voters. Voting is now really secret, and it is only where the electors are ignorant of this that it is of any use to threaten them with the consequences of breaking their promise. The effect of this change was seen in the recent elections. The Liberals have gained a decided though not a large majority in both Chambers, and as they intend to use their majority to pass a Bill preventing the creation of faggot votes, they hope to increase their majority either at the next partial renewal of the Chambers, or at a general election, if the Government should determine to resort to one.

For the present, therefore, Belgium may be ranked among the countries in which the authorities are hostile to the Roman Catholic Church. It is true that the new Ministry would elsewhere be called very moderate Liberals; but, according to M. DE LAVELEYE, slight distinctions in politics are of no moment in Belgium. "One single question dominates all others. Are you for or against the clergy? . . . Differences of opinion on questions of taxation, of economical or administrative reform, are merely accessory. It is understood beforehand that, if it be necessary, you must sacrifice your private predilections in such matters in order not to overthrow or weaken the Ministry which represents your opinions." Although, therefore, the new Ministry may not be as violently anti-Catholic as some of their supporters, M. DE LAVELEYE expects no shrinking from the necessary legislation against the Church. "It is a question of life or death; the danger is pressing; the situation is that of a besieged town, and deserters and faint hearts must expect no mercy." The two objects at which the Liberals will aim will be the secularization of education and some limitation of the number of convents. At present the clergy are very active in education. The University of Louvain, which is what in England would be called a denominational University, has nearly as many students as the two State Universities put together. For intermediate education the clergy have twice as many establishments as the State and the municipalities. The religious orders keep up a large number of elementary schools, and the parish priests have a right of inspecting the communal schools. This right of inspection will be abolished, and the instruction given in the communal schools will become purely secular. The number of elementary and intermediate schools is to be increased, and the right of granting degrees possessed by the University of Louvain is to be corrected by the institution of examinations for professions and for entrance into the public service. Efforts will be made to prevent convents—at all events, newly founded convents—from holding property.

The weak point in this programme is the neglect to take into account that third party which, whether its existence is recognized or not, still exists. It may be true that in Belgium politicians are sharply divided into Clericals and Liberals, and that the only question which any one ever thinks of asking or answering is, Are you for or against the clergy? But, besides the politicians, there is a minority of non-politicians whose votes are never given in ordinary times, but who come to the front whenever the balance of parties threatens to be seriously or permanently disturbed. The principle which guides this third party is dislike to being prevented for political reasons from doing what they like to do on grounds apart from politics. Why is the University of Louvain as full of students as the two State Universities put together? Because, for some reason or other, Belgian parents prefer to send their sons there. Either the education given is better or the social advantages are greater. The institution of an additional examination for professions and the civil service which students who have taken degrees at Louvain will be compelled to pass, while students who have taken degrees at the State Universities will be excused from it, will not destroy either of these elements of superiority. If the education given at Louvain is better, the young men who are trained there, and who afterwards pass the special State examination, will start in their careers with a decided advantage over those trained in the State Universities. If the social advantages at Louvain are greater, ambitious parents will not forego them for their sons merely because the enjoyment of them entails the passing of another ex-

amination. As regards elementary schools, the same forces will be at work as those with which we are familiar in England. A stringent education law will be passed, and for a time the destruction of the clerical schools will seem to be inevitable. By and by the lower classes both in town and country will make the momentous discovery that, whereas the clerical schools were paid for by the teachers, the new communal schools have to be paid for by the ratepayers. The result will inevitably be that a large number of taxpayers will ask themselves what gain has come to them from the victory of the Liberals. While the battle was going on they kept aloof from it, not loving the clergy well enough to go into it on their side, or even hoping vaguely that the success of the Liberals would bring them some unforeseen good. This unforeseen good turns out to be the liberty of spending money to have their children and the children of their neighbours taught in secular schools, instead of seeing other people spend their money in order that these same children might be taught in clerical schools. The steady increase of taxes will in the end bring the conclusion home to them, and at the next election the pendulum will, at their instigation, swing the other way.

There is another danger to which a party so united and well disciplined as the Belgian Liberals is necessarily exposed, and that is the discredit which it may incur from the prevalence of economical administrative crotchets. At present, M. DE LAVELEYE tells us, no importance is attached to these things. If a man is opposed to the clergy he is a good Liberal. The result is likely to be that men possessed by crotchets will be likely to impose them on the party as the price of their co-operation against the Church, and when this imposition has once been accepted, there is no saying how soon the class of electors just referred to may not be alienated from the faction in power. The third party does not dislike the clergy heartily enough to tolerate financial or administrative blunders. Yet a party to which the allegiance of every member is of importance is very likely to tolerate such blunders when their toleration is the price of support. The movement against the Church in Belgium has probably not reached its highest point, but as soon as it has done so the reaction will be prompt and inevitable.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

THE Lambeth Conference has with laudable promptitude published the summary of its conclusions, which fully carries out the expectation which was expressed upon its assembling, that its deliberations would be of a practical character. It had not been convoked to ratify with real or seeming unanimity any strange dogma or novel pretension. Its task was neither to push forward nor to retract such prerogatives as the Anglican Church already possessed or desired to make good in face of the civil polity. Rather its task was to make abstraction of civil accidents, and calmly review those opportunities of moral and religious good which appertain to the spiritual mission of the body for which it claimed to speak. Composed as it was of representatives of several communities, each possessed of a legal status differing from that of all the others, although joined together by spiritual but very appreciable bonds of union, it recognized its inability to enact formally binding canons, and it had the prudence accordingly to confine itself to recommendations with which each of those communities is at liberty according to its constitution to deal in a formal way. Being a gathering of Bishops of churches in communion with each other, precisely because they all hold the episcopal regimen and supplement their paramount reliance on Scripture by referring to the Creeds and the other conclusions of the Primitive Church, the Conference does not scruple to say so. By this acknowledgment it will no doubt subject itself to the sneers or criticisms of the Romanist who looks on Anglicanism as schism dashed with heresy, of the ultra-Protestant who taunts it as Popery diluted, and of all those loosely-hanging members of its own body who stick to it in spite, not because, of its distinctive positions. Candid men, however, whether or not they are Anglicans, must own that so long as any body, spiritual or secular, continues to exist for the proclamation and furtherance of any opinions, the honest course is not to be afraid to proclaim them. Neither Romanism nor

Wesleyanism has ever made the mistake of supposing that shamming the beliefs of any other community makes it popular with the persons whom it endeavours to court, for these are naturally apt to retort. If we are one in spiritual things, why make so great a difference in the minor matter of temporal possessions?

We warned the Conference on a former occasion against the delusion of attempting to set up any Pan-Anglican Patriarchate. The Conference of 1868 had allowed itself to be somewhat beguiled by this *ignis fatuus* under the influence of very able men, who strangely forgot that, as there is no immortality in the person of any bishop, neither is there immutability in the convictions of the successive tenants of any see, however dignified. The recent gathering, wiser by ten years' fruitful experience, faced existing facts; and, while recommending in the colonies the formation of provincial tribunals, "are not prepared" to recommend that there should be any one central "tribunal of appeal from such provincial tribunals." At the same time suggestions are made for recognizing ulterior arbitration in the form of "some Council of Reference," to which of course the referring province would bind itself to listen, and it is added that the opinion of such Council should be given on the facts of the case sent up to it, and not upon any abstract question of doctrine. The painful, but, as experience has shown, possible, case of the trial of a bishop requires some other machinery, which is duly detailed. Suggestions are also offered for a provincial organization of the West Indian dioceses, which have hitherto stood—in consequence of their anomalous attitude between old establishment and new voluntarism—outside of the constitutional movement which has spread through other colonial Churches.

The constantly increasing concurrence in many places in Europe and elsewhere of the worship of the English and of the American Episcopal Church is, of course, always liable to produce friction, while it is a difficulty incapable of heroic solution. It is a matter into which the unknown quantity of personal tastes emphatically enters. The most canonical and logical arrangement is liable at any time to be upset by the pious conservatism of some energetic Londoner or New Yorker who refuses to lose his way in the pages of an unfamiliar Prayer-Book. The Conference, with considerable tact, faces the question in order to dismiss it with some conciliatory counsels of give-and-take, prudently qualified by the elastic "as a rule."

The Report deviates from the area of practical and internal recommendations to refer to the proclamation of Papal Infallibility by the Vatican Council, between the adjournment of the former Conference and its own assembling. We do not think it could have avoided this topic—standing, as the meeting did, to the Anglican communion in a relation proportionate to that which the Vatican Council occupied towards the Churches subjected to the Roman obedience. It had to speak in order to liberate its own corporate conscience, and with no hope of carrying conviction to a single Roman Catholic; and what it says is moderate and dignified. This consideration gives the Conference an opportunity of tendering a graceful recognition to the Old Catholic body, whose existence it could not overlook without committing a grave error both of taste and of policy. The Old Catholics are not, however, now in a position to be much benefited by merely civil words, and it is a satisfactory sequel to the Conference that a meeting of some of its principal members, headed by the Bishop of WINCHESTER, has held a direct consultation with one or two of the prominent leaders of the foreign movement. Old Catholicism, so far as it has organized itself in Germany and Switzerland, has already gone too far for the claim to be any longer admissible that its adherents are only men continuing to hold the ground on which they were standing before the Vatican Council. It is now distinctly a reformed and a reforming body, and its best prospect of reverently carrying out the reforms on which it is bent, in the spirit of that primitive Church to which it appeals, is to come to an understanding with those communities in Europe and America which now exist because they made the same experiment in former generations.

We quote these specimens of a report which travels over a wide range of subjects, merely as samples to show the sort of work upon which the Conference was engaged with far too little time to give them any complete consideration, and under standing orders which, as we

gather, were—no doubt in consequence of the lack of available time—unduly restrictive. One of the Committee reports which are embodied in the general one takes up this complaint in language of due respect, and, in recommending similar gatherings from time to time, points out the arrangements which ought hereafter to be improved.

Wishing well, as we do, to Anglicanism, as a most powerful Christianizing and civilizing institution alike in its character of Establishment at home and of voluntary Church elsewhere, we very heartily concur in the desire that that which has so signally falsified the hopes of its enemies and the fears of its timid friends may be recognized and perpetuated at intervals of time sufficiently distant to make its gatherings realities, and with improvements in its procedure dictated by the experience of 1868 and of 1878. The complaints which, with more or less foundation, have been made about the migratory habits of colonial bishops, can certainly not be brought up against reunions separated from each other by spaces of some ten years, for a work so self-evidently useful and intelligible as mutual deliberation between men whose experience is as various as the climate or natural productions of the various colonies and federated States in which they are chief pastors.

COMIC CONTROVERSY.

WHEN the wits of Swift's time were eager to do away with Christianity, the satirist pointed out to them that they were spoiling their own game. The Prayer-book was their Joe Miller, and the Bible their jest-book. One modern defender of the faith must be sincerely anxious to support supernatural religion on somewhat similar grounds, for if once Positivism won the day, there would be an end of comic apologetics. Mr. Mallock, who affects this kind of literature, has borrowed the weapons of the enemy, and carried a war of ridicule into the heart of the country of the miscreants—if it be polite to call unbelievers by that old name. The result is a sort of funny writing, which is novel, and has its charms for at least two orders of mind, the frisky and the orthodox. In *The New Paul and Virginia* (Chatto and Windus) Mr. Mallock has adopted Pascal's trick of quoting selected passages from the writings of his opponents. These "dangerous" passages give the orthodox just such a charming sense of having been near that evil thing, the doctrines of Mr. Frederic Harrison, as Christian may have had when he spied from afar a byway into hell. It is true that the scraps quoted do not always bear out the sneers which are founded on them; but people who think that their faith needs a comic defender are not likely to notice that or to care if they do observe it. They feel that a theory which they dislike is made to seem ridiculous, pompous, and priggish, and that is enough. Another class of mind is tickled by the sportive nature of the allegory, which certainly sails very near the wind, and so far reminds the reader of *Candide*, with a dash of such forgotten works as *Anonyma*; or, *the Pretty Horsebreaker*. The worldly student may not know much about *Candide*; but he appreciates the fanciful history of a lady of no character, and her adventures on a desert island, like the famous one described by Mr. Burnand in *Chikkin Hazard*.

To make timid believers think that Positivism is not only wicked (as they held before), but ridiculous, is perhaps regarded by some as an exploit. To us the perfect and complacent absence of humour revealed by some popular Positivists seems so palpably absurd that satire might seek a subtler theme. Solemn and, as an American writer says, "stupenduous" nonsense about the joys of existence after death in the common and continuous life of humanity is well enough met by the remark that "the owner of those chocolate creams is immortal because you are eating them." To say that "it is an axiom with exact thinkers that all proofs of the miraculous are hallucinations" is to make a fair and pointed remark. On the other hand, Mr. Mallock's ideas about conscience and duty, as far as they can be disengaged, are respectable indeed, but neither new nor powerful. It is an axiom with many worthy people who are too good and innocent to know what these words mean, that nothing but the fear of future punishment keeps them from plunging into vice. This is confessed by people about whom it is certain that vice would afford them no sort of amusement; but, on the other hand, would bore them very much. They would be as good as ever by the mere impulse of kind and honourable instincts if their faith were destroyed in a moment. The argument of *The New Paul and Virginia*, as far as it has an argument at all, is that of the worthy persons who affect to act on such base motives. The parody of the famous story of Bernardin de Saint Pierre introduces us to a great deal of immoral company. There is a lady whose profession is indicated faintly by her exuberant taste in dress, there is a colonial bishop who married her for her money, there is a drunken and depraved curate, there is a captain who has a wife in every port, and there is a professor who believes in nothing but himself and, amazing to say, in other professors. Now it is a truth of experience that professors never believe in each other. They make little secret of their profound convictions that their brethren are all wrong about spontaneous

generation, molecules, protoplasm, and the origin of fetishism. Much may be expected of a professor so guileless as to accept all the *dicta* of half-a-dozen other professors, and one is not much surprised to find that the excellent unbeliever is a burning light of morality among the pious demireps and orthodox debauchees and episcopal scoundrels. As the object of the satire is to prove (as far as satires try to prove anything) that morality finds its safeguard in the fear of hell, the object is scarcely attained. As the professor persuades one sinner after another that there are no future rewards or punishments, the sinners rejoice. Some of them propose again to behave precisely as they have always behaved while they were believers. The drunken curate goes on drinking; the heroine is lovingly described in the exercise of her old wiles, and the good professor continues to be moral in the face of temptation. No doubt this is true to life. People merely imagine vainly that, with changed opinions, they would act in a new manner. The argument, however, suffers a good deal, for it is demonstrated that faith and fear have at most caused the wicked only a little vague anxiety, while scepticism can hardly add even recklessness to their confirmed vice, and is compatible with industry, self-denial, and philanthropy. Nothing strikes a more trenchant blow at any theory of ethics than a proof that belief and opinion do not affect character at all. It is true that the wicked persons in *The New Paul and Virginia*, whose actual morality cannot be made worse by unbelief, are of the class to which no high or noble motive appeals. They must be theologically kicked or threatened into decent behaviour, and the ordinary police and criminal law of civilized States is the only secular check on their folly. It is impossible to assail philosophies which offer to a nobler class of men noble inducements to virtue, by merely proving that corrupt and bestial characters must be ruled through fear. Philosophy does not address herself to the herd who live very much at random, and are now pushed by desire, now checked by cowardice. Philosophy addresses the class whose example and influence affects the general standard of morality and builds up, cell by cell, the edifice of conduct. An attack on the power and persuasiveness of philosophy—that is, of broad and calm views of human life on the earth—strikes only the false philosophers, the sophists who speak to crowds curious and half-attentive. It may be necessary to tattle in the streets about righteousness, and the laws of human existence, if one believes so firmly in the divinity of humanity as to hold that all men are fit to receive new doctrines. But if one holds with Molière, who knew what he was talking about, that man on the whole is *un méchant animal*, it will be necessary to treat philosophy more seriously, as a study retired and cloistered. Comic apologetics themselves need an apology, which they find, perhaps, in the self-complacency of modern inventors of patent religions, warranted free from theology.

The temptation to refute theories and doctrines by arguments drawn from their supposed probable consequences is one to be resisted. It is obviously absurd to reason as if Positivism, or any other form of opinion, could make people worse whom Christianity, as far as they understand it, has not rescued from the most offensive form of criminal folly. It ought to be no less obvious that religious and ethical opinion is at all times only one out of a hundred elements which help to make up conduct. In any civilized society that is to go on living, morality is perfectly well able to take care of herself. She is helped by numbers of agencies, among which the hope or fear of future reward or punishment is not even very prominent. People live, on the whole, as their characters, not as their opinions, direct them; and there is no moral chemist so subtle that he can detect the exact proportion of inherited opinions in any given character. The influences which make character now would continue to make it, even if a revolution took place in the region of opinion, and people would be found to behave much as they do at present, even if they came to believe in the sanctity and solemnity of man, and in nothing else. It is moral faith, and not the nature of the abstract conception in which moral faith finds repose, that conduces in its degree to righteousness. It is only in a burlesque that people can make debauchery a duty in consequence of a sudden change in theological opinion. The laws of matter even in a burlesque very soon put an end to the terrestrial existence of ill-advised persons who push moral paradoxes to a practical conclusion.

Though it may not be possible to reason from the imaginary consequences of dogmas, it is easy enough to detect the actual consequences of certain modes of discussing dogmas. Eternal damnation and the wrath of God have been made topics of tea-table tattle by indiscreet theologians even more than by headlong men of science. Of all existing quackery, the quackery of sham discussions between a sort of advertising parsons is the most repulsive. What interest has the Rev. Josiah Jowles's private view about hell for the majority of sensible people? Mr. Jowles is not Dante, and does not pretend to have descended the steep stairs of the Inferno. He has rather less claims to be heard of the two than the savage medicine-man who has visited the shades and brought back some tokens of his journey to the land of the dead. The confidence of Jowles and Grimes and the rest increases two disagreeable tendencies. People are tempted more and more to make serious topics the theme of light banter and familiar satire. Again, the general inclination to believe or disbelieve because some petty notoriety of the day is convinced, or is a sceptic, grows more powerful every month. Some clergyman who writes of the divine life in the manner of the *Daily Telegraph* dismisses hell, if not with costs, with rhetorical indignation. His disciples, like Mr.

Mallock's sea-captain who had a wife in every port, "are overjoyed at hearing there is no hell." Some other divine restores the place of punishment, and old ladies, like the wife of Mr. Mallock's professor, are greatly comforted. Conduct is much more impaired by the see-saw of opinion produced among weak-minded readers by rival spiritual quacks than by any serious and rational theory of life and duty. All these matters were once of the utmost solemnity, scarcely to be spoken of by the dearest friend in the most intimate colloquy. Now they are settled and unsettled every day by lecturers, preachers, disputants, in the monthly magazines. This state of things gives satire a sufficient excuse, and even satire can hardly find associations so ribald as greatly to lower the dignity of modern controversy.

POLITICAL EUPHEMISMS.

THE substitution of inoffensive terms for ugly or disagreeable ones is among the oldest artifices of language. Dictated originally, in all probability, by motives of superstition, whose memory is preserved in the word euphemism itself, it has been continued among civilized men for reasons of taste and convenience, and is still largely applied in every department of life. The peculiar use of the auxiliaries *shall* and *will* in our own language is to some extent euphemistic. We say "I shall do so and so" to express a formed intention; in other words, when we mean "I will." The object of this anomaly would seem to be to avoid the appearance of self-assertion. "Shall" suggests, moreover, the notion of submission to a superior power, and may perhaps be taken as a more subtle and elegant equivalent for the "D. V." of Evangelical advertisements, which is apparently thought by the pious persons who use it to convey a delicate compliment to Providence. On the other hand, we use "will" to disguise a command; it is the proper form for military commands, the most imperative of all. "The line will advance"; "the battalion will skirmish." So in common life we say to a messenger or servant, "You will go to the City for me." The euphemism consists in putting the matter as if it depended on the free choice of the person addressed; the full expansion of it might be in this form:—"I want you to do so and so, and I assume that you are willing to do it; not that you are entitled to refuse, but I don't wish to make that prominent." The "shall" of compulsion is used only in an extreme case; though, by an excess of refinement, there is a "shall" of courtesy when we grant a favour. We say "you shall," not "you will have a holiday." This may be a purely complementary use of language, to mark a distinction from the "will" of disguised command. Or it may be a reversion to the more natural form of speech in a case where no euphemism is necessary; no one being likely to resent a command, however undisguised in terms, which is issued at his own request. A favour may indeed be combined with a command in the strictest sense. Such and such a regiment *will* furnish the storming party; but a man from another regiment who volunteers for the service may be told that he *shall* be of it. But, as all these remarks have probably been anticipated by several learned Germans, and the subject is moreover interminable, we shall now turn (or will, for in this case it is all one) to a special application of euphemism which may be seen greatly flourishing at the present day, but has been little considered by writers on rhetoric. We speak of political euphemism, surely not the least important part of the art and mystery of diplomacy.

Traces of it may be found in the wonderfully developed political vocabulary of the Athenians. Exiles were not said to have been driven, but to have *fallen*, out of their native city. It is true that they were also spoken of as *fugitives*, which corresponded closely enough to the hard fact. The Romans did not care for such niceties, though the word *exilium* itself is so colourless that it might almost be called a euphemism. Their regular form of exile was in strictness an outlawry which drove the party to exile as the only tolerable mode of life; and the name of *aqua et ignis interdictio* certainly has nothing euphemistic about it. But we have remarkable euphemisms in other departments of Roman public life, such as the technical use of *animadvertere* for capital punishment, with which we may compare our own old form of judgment, "It is considered." The canonists of later days took the hint and improved on it. We need barely allude to the well-known formula in which the Inquisition expressed its tender mercies when it handed over its victims to the secular arm. If we wish to see euphemism in its full force as an integral part of the tyranny of custom, we must go to the savage tribes who still attach a magic power to names and words; if, on the other hand, we confine the field of view to civilized races, we may look for our example to the public affairs of States, in which the cumbersome and the elaborate fictions of archaic jurisprudence may even now be seen on a magnified scale.

If we take any of the catch-words that have been current in Europe during great political events, and have furnished forth the speeches of men in high places, the odds are much against our finding a single one that is not in truth the disguise of a more or less unrepresentable fact. In the earlier days of the last phase of the Eastern Question we heard a great deal about the "independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire." From one point of view this might be described, and was indeed denounced with no little vehemence, as a euphemism for the continuance of Turkish misrule. But it was a disguise in another and more remarkable way. Statesmen and publicists talked with the utmost gravity of

this same independence and integrity as if it were an end in itself; they maintained it as something sacred, or vilified it as something execrable, without the least regard to the facts it really symbolized. Those facts, indeed, were not of a kind to be fully expressed in polite language, involving as they did the ambitions and mutual jealousies of certain Great Powers. Yet it was perfectly well known to thinking men that nobody valued the independence and integrity of Turkey from any love for the Turkish Government, nor even from an exalted and disinterested respect for the rights of sovereign States in general. "Independence and integrity" was a form of words chosen as the least offensive embodiment of the fixed objection of the Western Powers to Russian aggrandizement. The Ottoman Empire was simply the most convenient instrument at hand, or rather the least inconvenient, for preserving the balance of power, and keeping possessions coveted by many in a custody tolerable to all. We forgot how fragile the instrument was, and let it rust and go to pieces under our eyes. Since the war we have heard nothing of integrity and very little of independence; their place has been taken by euphemisms of a newer fashion, devised to meet, but still to conceal so far as practicable, the altered condition of affairs.

Annexation is not altogether a pleasant word, and partition is a very evil-sounding one indeed. It therefore became the duty of the Plenipotentiaries assembled at Berlin to find in the resources of diplomatic language a formula which should with all due politeness and discretion express very much the same facts as one or both of these ugly words. Their efforts have been crowned with the happiest success, and the phrase "occupy and administer" has been added to the treasure-house of political euphemism. Austria is to "occupy and administer" Bosnia and Herzegovina for an indefinite time; and we are informed, with a subtlety which to common men may appear to savour of audacity, that the very indefiniteness of the time shows how carefully the sovereign rights of the Sultan will be respected. We venture to guess that we shall hear a good deal of these same sovereign rights before we have done, not only in Illyria, but in other parts of the Ottoman Empire more interesting to ourselves, and that they may be found even more useful than our old friends independence and integrity. They seem in a fair way already to claim kindred with two much more venerable elders, of whom the one is called in English a dry legal estate, and the other in the Latin tongue *nudum jus Quiritium*. As for our own "occupation and administration" of Cyprus, it can hardly be said that there is any fiction at all about the substance of that proceeding, though the form is not unlikely to give rise to some very pretty questions of private international law.

It was unfortunate for the Greeks, perhaps, that the Congress did not confer its mission upon Austria at an earlier stage. The deputies of the Hellenic kingdom might have framed their claim in a manner more troublesome to resist if they had put it as a desire—prompted, of course, by pure love of order—to "occupy and administer" Crete, Thessaly, and Epirus. The not inconsiderable addition which Greece is in fact to get is not given in that form. Possibly it was felt that in such a case the fiction would be really too manifest. It would be too absurd on the face of things to suppose, even on paper, the term of the "occupation and administration" to fall anywhere short of the Greek Kalends. The possession once changed, the inhabitants of the kingdom and those of the nominally occupied Turkish domains would become as inseparable as the ghosts and the survivors in the Romaic song of Charon. The song tells how Charon and his troop of souls pass by the brook where the village folk go down for water, and the ghosts beg to go there too. No, says Charon, I dare not lead you there. For there mothers would know their children and wives would know their husbands, and then there would be no parting them again:—

ἔρχοντ' ἢ μαννὲς γὰρ νερόν, γινώσκουν τὰ παιδιά των,
γινώσκονταί τ' ἀνδρόγυνα, καὶ χωρισμὸν δὲν ἔχουν.

If the ghosts had been very clamorous Charon might have found it a better bargain to send back some of them to life at once; and, in the present case, the Congress has thought fit to let Greece have an instalment of territory for good and all; but still under a euphemism. For this purpose a comparatively old one is called in which describes annexation as "rectification of frontiers." It was much in favour under the Second French Empire as an elegant paraphrase for certain ancient and homely language about removing one's neighbour's landmark, which is condemned by unpleasant associations as well as by a simplicity unfitted to modern usage. But this last application is double distilled; the Congress does not presume to interfere with the frontier between Turkey and a State which is not a party to the Treaty, but merely invites the Sublime Porte to come to an understanding with Greece as to a "rectification of frontiers," and gently hints the kind of understanding which might be desirable. In case there should be any hitch about arriving at the understanding, the other Powers reserve to themselves to act as mediators. Could anything be more mild and persuasive? But already persons who have shown themselves on other occasions to be well informed begin to talk, with the most merciless disregard for polite conventions, of a stringent force underlying this modest language.

EARLY SUMMER AT THE BEL ALP.

THE transit from London to the Alps is now readily accomplished, as in two clear days one can pass from Charing Cross into the presence of the Matterhorn. The Calais train reaches Paris early enough to permit of a passage from the Gare du Nord to the Lyons station, in time to catch the 7.40 P.M. train for Pontarlier, Lausanne, and Brieg. The line from Sierré to Brieg was opened on July 1; a pleasant respite at Lausanne, which allows ample time for breakfast, being the only break in the entire journey from Paris to the foot of the Simplon. Starting from London on the 5th, on the 7th of June we reached our cottage on Alp Lusgen, about three hundred feet above the Bel Alp Hotel, and somewhat over seven thousand feet above the sea. From the adjacent slopes the snow had recently disappeared, leaving blanched rhododendrons, black heather, and brown dead grass behind. Flowers, however, had already begun to struggle from the soddened soil. A little higher up heavy snow-swathes still cumbered the mountains, while plateaus which are now clothed with rich and flowery vegetation were deeply covered. East, west, and north of our cottage lay white drifts which did not disappear till beyond the middle of June. The clothes-presses left in the autumn of 1877, pliant and well-fitting, had been converted by the winter humidity into invincibly coherent masses, the mechanical force at our command being wholly incompetent to open the drawers. Placed in the sun the wood subsequently shrank, and all fell once more into working order. The cellar was very chilly. Through a single aperture a sunbeam entered and traversed the darkness, and on breathing along this beam the precipitation was so copious as to produce a cloud to all appearance as dense as that issuing from the funnel of a locomotive. Three pairs of boots had been left behind last autumn, and with the view of keeping them soft they had been well rubbed with a mixture of lard and petroleum. We had no thought of mice, the house being new, and at some distance from the nearest chalet. The mice however appeared and daintily picked away all the more tender leather, leaving the linen lining and the tougher leather behind. A pair of stout glacier boots gave evidence that they had been tested and rejected as indigestible. During the greater part of June the weather was inclement, swirling clouds and clammy fogs alternating with fugitive gleams of sunshine, and fitful hints of the sublimity which a clearer atmosphere reveals. Towards the end of June snow to the depth of six inches fell around us, and early in July the pastures were again covered. The nights were sometimes bitterly cold, the consequent expenditure of pine-logs in sitting-room and bedroom being considerable. For a fortnight later than usual the chalets of the Commune of Naters remained desolate. They are now packed with men, women, and children, while herds throng the hills and fill the air with the music of their bells. The streams are full, and offer "tubs" of exquisite clearness, the water halting over granite sand, and boiling at the feet of cascades into snowy foam. Or, if a swim be desired, there is a lake at hand to gratify the wish. Vast evidences of the glacier work of former ages are around and below us, the planed rocks, clothed moraines, and forsaken lake-beds covered with verdure, falling amicably into place, not only as elements of the wild and grand, but as constituents of the beautiful. We have been crowded with violets and gentians, and still retain a host of tardier flowers. The weather is making atonement for its previous ill-nature, and day by day blue skies overarch cloudless mountains. Or if a cloud-scurry appear, girdling the middle zone, it simply lifts the summit into more transcendent glory. The effect of such a cloud on the apparent height of a mountain is astonishing. Now and then we have had fits of atmospheric blackness which dissolved in thunderstorms—the mild warmth of the sun condensing itself by a process still unknown into the fierce fire of the lightning. At night we have sometimes stood *al fresco*, shaded from the rain, watching the white-hot flashes as they pierced the pitchy atmosphere, and filled the air for miles with a diffuse but dazzling illumination. Some of the discharges produced lightning-streaks many miles in length, while over a distance of seven miles the thunder has reached us with impressive power, through a rain-filled atmosphere. But, after such a night, we open our windows in the morning and find the serene azure above us—mystic peaks and gleaming glaciers, unmottled by a shadow. Reclining towards sunset upon rock or knoll, and looking down upon the ruminant herds; the hazy air steeped as it were in slumber; the green slopes alternately flooded with the evening glory, and darkened by the shadows of projecting eminences; the loftier peaks, at the same time, withdrawn to indefinite distances through the dimness produced by the very excess of aerial light—a peace which passeth understanding, for it does not belong to the understanding, takes possession of the soul, and extends itself, by imputation, to the scene and all that therein is. Surely the ways of these Alpine burghers must be ways of pleasantness, and their paths peace. Such is the inference from that emotional synthesis which finds its proper expression in poetry. But when analysis sets in, we find the vices of our larger politics, envy, intrigue, and strife—associated, doubtless, with their less obtrusive opposites—rampant in this little commune. Emerson, as in his poem "Monadnoc," might extract honey from this weed; pointing out how the vice of to-day, by the free and frequent illustration of its effects, must tend to produce its opposite, and, through the gradual strengthening of moral power, finally transmute itself into civic and social virtue.

For many miles above the Märgelin-See the Great Aletsch Glacier is exposed to the radiation of the sun. Streams collect

which cut deep channels in the ice, and rush clear as crystal along the beds thus formed. If our recollection report truly, no streams are encountered in crossing the glacier from the foot of the Eggischhorn to the opposite side. All the superficial water above this line has therefore sought and found, through crevasses and moulins, access to the bed of the glacier. Here the water flows in sub-glacial streams, one or more of which, being turned aside by the ice into a lateral depression, fills it to the brim, forming the beautiful lake of Märgelin. The exact local relation of the lake to the sub-glacial bed of the river Massa, which subsequently issues from the end of the glacier, is unknown. They are certainly kept asunder for long intervals by an ice-dam, the water of the lake pouring itself away from the Aletsch, down upon the Viéscher glacier. Periodically, however, the dam gives way, the fact being first announced by the vast augmentation of the Massa as it rushes from the glacier, carrying along with it masses of shattered ice, and producing a partial inundation of the valley of the Rhone. This was the course of events six years ago, when the lake emptied itself; this was also the case this year on July 13, when it again broke loose. For a time the sub-glacial bed of the Massa afforded a partial vent for the water, which made its appearance at Brieg long before it gave any sign upon the surface of the glacier. But the hydrostatic pressure against the bounding ice gradually increasing, a lateral breach was made, at about the elevation of the Betten-See, through which the water reached the eastern side of the Aletsch. By the radiation of heat from the adjacent mountains, the margin of the glacier is caused to slope downwards, a longitudinal hollow being thus formed, bounded on one side by the mountains and on the other side by the ice. Along this channel the water from the Märgelin swept with impetuous fury. We saw the front of the torrent as it thundered downwards, and, by a rapid descent and passage across the glacier, were soon at the waterside. Mud, boulders, and ice were furiously driven along, and flung from time to time, at the flexures of the channel, over the adjacent surfaces. The ice-blocks thus escaping were rounded by the attrition which they had undergone. Here and there deep miniature fiords, scooped in the glacier, were filled with the water and covered with fragments of ice, incessantly trying to escape and incessantly driven back, thus swaying rhythmically to and fro. There were many minor cascades, wildly boiling whirlpools, and vertical uprushes which lifted the water into corrugated mounds. At one place the torrent leaped over the edge of a deep vertical precipice, and fell parabolically on to the ice below. The impetus of the water carried it far beyond the edge of the descent, and behind it was left a space resembling the Cave of the Winds at Niagara. Taking volume, form, local wildness, sound, and swirl of mist into account, no cataract that we had seen approached so nearly in impressiveness as this one to the Horse-shoe Fall. The torrent continued running for about five hours, at the end of which time the Märgelin-See had become a mere geographical expression. A correspondent at the Eggischhorn informs us that he went on the morning of this day towards the cliffs of the Märgelin, and stood two hours on the adjacent mountain-side watching the unsupported ice falling with thundering sound on to the bed of the lake, and leaving jagged precipices behind.

Is it in the power of art to reproduce these mountains in their naked sublimity, when the "enchantment" lent by distance depends on pure aerial opalescence; or draped in clouds, with all their wondrous display of light and shade, their scowling showers, and their morning and evening hues? If Mr. Millais, with his marvellous power of hand and his intense realism of conception, could be induced to take up his residence here long enough to beget a love for the mountains, and to let their various phases become organic in his mind, what would be the result? A fugitive visit would not suffice, for long observation is needed to interpret these scenes aright. One difficulty must ever exist for the artist, and that is the transitional character of some of the most impressive phenomena. But the great painter probably possesses powers of suggestion competent to meet this difficulty. A few evenings ago we noticed an effect which we do not remember seeing rendered in any painting. The sun was in the west, but at the opposite side of the heavens bars of light and darkness, resembling those of the solar glory, converged to a point on the horizon. It seemed as if the sun were about to rise in the east at 6 or 7 P.M. The effect was due to the existence of detached clouds in such positions as enabled them to send parallel bars of shadow through the otherwise illuminated atmosphere—these bars, by an effect of perspective, being rendered convergent. We had previously seen the effect at various times; once very strikingly at Margate, once on the shores of the Mediterranean; and we have a kind of dream that Faraday also made a note upon the subject.

DUELLING.

THE debates in the French Chamber of Deputies seem hardly to have caused the usual number of duels this year. There was an encounter between two deputies who were carried away by political fervour early in the Session; but most of the disputes in the Chamber have ended without any attempt at bloodletting, and outside it the fiery writers who comment on its proceedings and who are usually so perfectly willing to fight each other about anything or nothing appear to have been of late remarkably pacific. The discussions in the Chamber have not, it is true, usually

produced many duels among the members themselves, who, either from good sense or because a large number of them are not young men, do not often think it necessary to prove their devotion to their principles by attempting to kill or injure each other. Of this wise abstinence from an absurd and barbarous manner of terminating political controversies the present leader of the House once set an excellent example. M. Gambetta declined to take any notice of a challenge which was sent him; and, fanatical as Frenchmen commonly are on all matters which relate or are supposed to relate to personal courage, it does not appear that his conduct on this occasion did him any injury in the eyes of his countrymen. With writers for the press, however, there has generally been an amazing willingness to try the wager of battle. Those who are quite in the first rank seem to have become convinced of the folly of duelling as a method of settling political differences, but this has not been the case with disputants of less degree. How often have English readers been half astonished and half amused to see that two contributors to Paris journals of opposite principles had fought a duel with swords, and how often must wonder have been felt at the process of reasoning which causes a man to think that he does something towards proving the superiority of one form of government over another when he makes a small punctured wound in an antagonist's shoulder! This method, however, of bringing a political discussion to a conclusion certainly seems to commend itself to a considerable number of Frenchmen. Now and then—though happily but very seldom—the fervour of the controversialists carries them too far, and one of them is killed; but this unfortunate result, when it occurs, is not generally approved of, as showing that excess of zeal which is apt to degenerate into bad taste.

The fact that attention in France, as in other countries, has been concentrated on Eastern affairs, and that in consequence questions relating to domestic policy have not stirred men so much or excited such strong feeling as they usually do, may possibly account for there having been this year fewer duels than commonly occur during a Parliamentary Session. Perhaps, however, this more pacific state of things is due to a much smaller cause. The reason why battles have been on the whole more rare than usual may be the partial retirement of the most successful combatant of the day—the W. G. Grace, so to speak, of swordsmen. Some time ago it was announced that M. Paul de Cassagnac had renounced duelling, and would fight no more, or at least would only fight under extreme provocation. That any one would be inclined to give M. Paul de Cassagnac extreme provocation appeared, to say the least, by no means probable; and it must have seemed to many enthusiastic Frenchmen, eager for combat and glory, that the most victorious of champions was in fact abandoning altogether, while yet young, a practice which had brought him nothing but triumph. It may have occurred to ambitious and youthful writers who had shown, and hoped to show again, that their mastery of the sword was as perfect as their command of stinging sentences, that after all even duelling must be a vanity if the first duellist of the time gave it up when at the zenith of his powers. It was said indeed, and no doubt said truly, that the reasons for M. de Cassagnac's determining to fight no more duels unless much provoked were such as did him great credit; but, whatever his reasons may have been, the fact of his retirement cannot but have had a depressing effect on the duelling mind. Of what avail was the interminable study in the fencing-room, under that most imperious and exacting of all instructors a *professeur d'escrime*, if it was only to lead to success which, when most thoroughly achieved, would prove, as success in other pursuits sometimes does, to be worth nothing? Possibly even it might strike the combative journalist that the fact of the sword being no longer drawn by the vehement champion of Imperialism was significant as tending to show that the section of French politicians who were most given to appealing to arms were actually beginning to feel some little doubt as to whether, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, they would be likely to convince people of the justice of their views by running steel into the bodies of those who differed from them. Might it not have come to pass that those who had always admired the sword had begun slightly to distrust its efficacy in persuading a sceptical public?

It is not impossible that considerations of this kind, arising from the retirement of so distinguished a paladin, may have had some effect on warlike young journalists and politicians, full of faith in their views as to the future of France, and also in the result of five years' training in a fencing-room and of weekly practice in a pistol-gallery. Perhaps in time it will seem to most Frenchmen, as it does now to almost all Englishmen, that there can be no worse way of settling a dispute than a duel, inasmuch as the result either depends on chance, or is determined by the greater skill of one of the two combatants, who is of course as likely to be in the wrong as in the right. As yet, however, such opinions are very far from being generally held, and though during the last Paris season there were not so many combats as usual, it is safe to predict that even M. de Cassagnac's retirement will be forgotten, and that when another political question arises without there being a terrible crisis in the East to attract all men's attention, the old love for trial by battle will be shown, and that journalists certainly, and perhaps some few deputies, will think it necessary to cross swords, though not improbably doubt as to the expediency of such proceedings may be more felt by men of all parties than before. So deeply rooted a practice will not easily be done away with. A feeling that personal encounters are at variance with what is best in civilization, and are often due rather to vanity

than to courage, may be growing in France, but it is not yet strong enough to cause duelling to cease. To Englishmen it of course appears strange, and almost lamentable, that men belonging to one of the most advanced nations in the world should have recourse to this barbarous mode of settling what are often in reality very trifling disputes; but it is only fair to say that, if the French are terribly illogical in adhering to duelling, the method for which they are justly famous is shown in the manner in which duelling is arranged; and this is well worthy of attention from the ingenuity with which a due feeling for honour and some regard for the sanctity of human life are happily combined. A spirited Frenchman is, as every one knows, willing to fight to the death if necessary; but then Frenchmen are, in spite of the conventional language they sometimes use, a great deal too sensible to think it necessary to fight to the death about what are not really vital quarrels. Honour must be satisfied; blood must be drawn; but it is not absolutely required that one of the combatants should remain on the ground, and, as a rule, both combatants do manage to leave the ground without either of them having received more harm than a good surgeon can put to rights. At the same time, there is usually a perfectly real encounter; and, except where there is a very great disparity of skill, each of the antagonists must look forward to some chance of being injured.

That men who do not really want to kill each other are able to avoid doing so without going through the absurdity of a sham contest is due to the art and mystery of fencing. Duels with pistols are apt to be very serious indeed, or else somewhat laughable. An accomplished shot may be able to make certain of hitting his antagonist without endangering his life, but he can hardly make sure of hitting him and at the same time of not doing him serious injury. If he determines to miss him altogether, and if, either from similar magnanimity or from want of skill, the other also fires wide, the duel comes to an absolutely harmless end, but people are apt to make merry over the bloodless encounter. With sword duels, which, as need hardly be said, are infinitely more common in France than the others, there is often little risk of a mortal or of a very bad wound, and at the same time the result is not ridiculous. In the fencing-room a man learns how best to protect himself, and how to attack in the most effective manner, and in acquiring this knowledge he also necessarily learns what is of great importance in most combats—namely, how to attack his antagonist without making it absolutely necessary for his antagonist to kill him if he can. Those who have been much in *salles d'armes* know that, when a man unaccustomed to fencing tries to use a foil, he frequently, after one or two unmeaning flourishes, rushes wildly in at his opponent usually with his hand down. If the other does not immediately give what is called the *coup d'arrêt*, lunging out and catching his assailant full on the chest as he advances, he is very likely to be hit himself, however great his skill may be. What happens in the mimic contest may also happen in the real one. The unskilled man rushes in, and his practised antagonist must either kill him as he does so, or run extreme risk of receiving a terrible wound himself. Where both are skilled fencers the case is different. A regular attack can be parried without its being necessary to spit the assailant, and the *riposte* which is given by the fencer first attacked can be parried also. Of course, if both are in earnest, there will be a hit before long, but there is no necessity for immediate slaughter in self-defence; and moreover men who have command of the sword and who are not actuated by very deadly hostility will probably not concentrate all their energies in attacks on the vital parts, but, being able to play lightly and neatly for the shoulder, the arm, or the thigh, will do so, each seeking to draw an ounce or two of malapert blood from the other, but neither wishing to take life. Seeing that no very great harm results from most of the sword duels fought in France, it may fairly be assumed that in the majority of cases the combatants, being to some extent cunning of fence, defend themselves carefully without making any very vigorous attempt at homicide. The wounds which are sooner or later inflicted are, though not dangerous, sufficient to prevent such contests from seeming ridiculous; and thus it is possible to comply with the rule which enjoins the duel without running excessive risk on the one hand, and without going through a solemn farce on the other. It may be said for the French that, if they have insisted on retaining the practice of duelling, they have certainly deprived it of its most objectionable features.

That they should retain it at all does, however, seem extremely strange. The vanity of a few who become famous for their encounters may be gratified, but it is wonderful that the practice of private combat should still prevail amongst so acute a people. Even if it be admitted, as many would be willing to admit, that there are some outrages which the law cannot reach, and which must therefore be avenged by the sufferers themselves, how absurd does it seem to say that men who have become wroth in political controversy are equally justified in taking the law into their own hands! There has been a sufficiently strong feeling on foreign politics in this country of late without doubt; but, even in these days of strange antics, a man would certainly not be thought sane and serious who proposed to prove the soundness of his opinions by fighting a hostile editor or an outspoken and aggressive member of Parliament.

THE DECORATION OF ST. PAUL'S.

PUBLIC attention has again been challenged to consider the decoration of St. Paul's, in which all interest had apparently collapsed, when a well-managed outcry was successful in refusing so much as a critical examination to Mr. Burges's carefully elaborated scheme. The mode of action on which it was proposed to carry out that hardly-used project was, in the first place, to prepare a design for the entire Cathedral—not forgetting its practical arrangements as a place of worship—and then to perfect an experimental sample in some part of the building where a less successful first attempt would not be fatal, probably in one of the bays of the nave. The experience thus bought would then have come in aid of the more important portion of the building, the dome and the choir. This way of going to work naturally involved a lump calculation of the sum total which the completed undertaking would probably cost at the distant day in this or the twentieth century when it would have earned that epithet. The amount of course, written large in figures, was a big one, and it was judiciously hung up by the enemies of the enterprise by way of scarecrow. These tactics were successful, and a provisional government naturally (though after some interval) followed a dethronement, while nothing could be urged against the composition of the new sub-Committee, made up of Lord Alwyne Compton, Mr. Oldfield, Mr. Fergusson, Mr. Gambier Parry, and Mr. Tyrwhitt, as a concentrated representation of amateur cultivation. The new rulers of course followed the law of their existence by adopting a policy as contrary as possible to that of the artists whom they were succeeding. The old policy was that of a general scheme to be tentatively worked out from the less to the more important portions of the Cathedral. Theirs was an immediate swoop upon that central member, the dome, which, as it happened, was for better or worse the one portion of the pile which had exceptionally and from the beginning received the decoration of Thornhill's pictures which had been expensively renovated a few years ago. More or less open to criticism as these paintings might be, they were still historical, identified with the Cathedral, and capable of stopping the gap as long as convenience pleaded for their retention. It was, however, concluded to leave the remaining walls and roofs in their nakedness, and in the much hackneyed name of Wren to subject the dome to a treatment which, supposing it to turn out successful, would entail the similar decoration of all the remaining Cathedral, although the artistic system stamped upon the dome might if more widely diffused prove not to be so agreeable. If, on the other hand, failure were to ensue—a contingency not to be put on one side as inconceivable—the whole of the remaining work, however good, must suffer from the miscarriage of that which should have been the crowning achievement and the prentice effort of amateur venture. However, St. Paul's looks biggest at its dome, and the dome is the part most stared at by miscellaneous throngs of visitors; so the order of the day was "hit or miss, on with the dome, and trust to instinct above experience." We cheerfully grant that in money matters the new managers have shown themselves more sagacious than their predecessors. These were so stupidly straightforward as to compute how much the far-off complete execution of the whole work would cost, and to publish it to the world. The sub-Committee has contented itself with ascertaining how much money there was in the till, and then—possibly, but not probably, leaving a little for manners—claiming it all for their showy instalment of a work which thus managed may begin and end with this single achievement. What is 44,000*l.* at the lowest, or 53,350*l.* at the highest, for the dome of St. Paul's? The quarter of a million already mentioned as needed for fully decorating the entire fan—nave, aisles, dome, transepts, choir, roof—was wicked lavishness; but is not half a hundred thousand for the sacred hemisphere alone ascetic moderation? We should be curious to know if any one has taken the trouble of calculating how much the entire Cathedral—if decorated by the sub-Committee on the level of this first instalment—would ultimately cost? The multiplicand, we know, would range between 44,000*l.* and 53,350*l.*; but what would be the multiplier? The curious investigator who likes to amuse himself with this calculation must be careful to understand its basis. The surface over which the sub-Committee propose to spread their sovereigns transmuted into gold mosaic is confined to the curved cavity now occupied by Thornhill's paintings. The bald, conspicuous, naked tambour rising above the Whispering Gallery in its two stories of blank unpierced space, and of a ring of windows with wall strips between, will have to be a separate work involving an independent estimate.

The action of the sub-Committee soon after its appointment received its bias from a somewhat singular stroke of fortune. Mr. Stevens, the solitary, self-communing artist of the Wellington Monument, had, so it appeared, been amusing himself by thinking out notions for the mosaic decoration of the dome, and roughly embodying them upon a sectional model. Mr. Clayton, the eminent glass-painter, was cognizant of this sketch, and put the sub-Committee in the way of buying it. This was, of course, a great windfall; and a notable diminution of responsibility for the venturesome amateurs into whose hands it came. To the world the incident may possibly be a loss, as it has deprived society of the power of ever learning what a body of such accomplished men would have devised, supposing that they had still been left to those resources of their own which were the inspiration on which they

were depending when they sought and obtained the power to prepare a scheme.

Mr. Stevens's suggestion was to divide the dome into vertical panels by mimetic ribs charged with details of Renaissance architecture, and springing from clusters of vigorous naked "telamones"—a somewhat obscure term of art, indicating masculine figures bearing, or supposed to bear, constructional weights. The ground of all the panels was to be of gold, and each was to contain in two stories a couple of roundels, a larger one below and a smaller one above, also with gold grounds. The further suggestion was that each of these roundels should contain a scene from the Old Testament. Apart from any iconographic consideration, there was an obvious objection to these projecting ribs and overhanging telamones which, we should have thought, would have weighed strongly with a party whose watchword had been the morbidly scrupulous adherence to Wren's supposed ideas, in that they shammed architectural divisions and projections breaking up a curved surface which, as completed by Wren himself, had neither division nor projection, though either was available for him to have produced in stucco or otherwise, had he desired thus to diversify the dome. The figures, whether standing or sitting, which are constantly found in the domes of various dates backed by some conventional ground are whatever is most contrary to being a precedent for the telamones, as their artistic motive is to appear receding behind the surface and so enlarge rather than cramp its apparent capacity, just as the telamones claim to stand out of it and so diminish the space. The sub-Committee, thus curiously made masters of Stevens's ideas, do not seem to have appreciated this objection, and while making changes both on the details of the ribs and on the character of the supporting figures, retained in their reformed design the same root of artistic weakness. They had their own model prepared, on which they replaced the telamones by the four mystic living creatures of the Apocalypse fantastically repeated as wanted to fill in gaps, while scenes from the Apocalypse within blue roundels were to take the place of those from the Old Testament. The same mistake of illusory architecture, fictitious panels, and projection where retrocession was the desirable effect, are thus reproduced; while the artistic and iconographic difficulties are superadded of the treatment of a series of subjects such as those found in the Apocalypse, within self-created conditions of intricate framework and imperfect exhibition, at a height and with a light which reduce the choice of subjects to a very minor matter. The strangest feature of the whole affair is that the sub-Committee have claimed to re-decorate the dome on the plea of the deficient artistic merit of Thornhill's grisaille paintings. Now a distinguishing feature of Thornhill's work is that it is divided into panels by a framework which mocks architectural composition and simulates projection; so they have been actually able to condemn an existing decoration as unworthy, and yet to propose to reproduce in their own substitute one of its most conspicuous defects. We do not say that these various difficulties and doubtful suggestions are reasons against some future reconsideration of the dome, but they are reasons against beginning the decoration of St. Paul's at this point while choir and nave remain untouched. The services of Mr. Leighton and Mr. Poynter have been secured for the designs of the subjects to be contained in the roundels, while Mr. Penrose is charged with the architectural responsibility.

The sub-Committee, as we have noted, calculated that the whole cost of thus covering the dome with mosaics will be something not less than 44,000*l.*, nor more than 53,350*l.*, to meet which there are accumulated and interest-bearing subscriptions amounting to something between 42,000*l.* and 43,000*l.* We must again remind our readers that this proposal excludes the two-storied tambour, which is still to arrest the eye with a whiteness and a bareness which will be all the more conspicuous when contrasted with the glitter above. Finally, the sub-Committee recommended that a paper facsimile of one panel should be produced and placed *in situ*, and the Dean and Chapter have consented to the request, involving as that does an immediate expenditure out of the money in hand. The proposal has been received in the newspapers with expressions varying from negative and cold-hearted acquiescence to sharp disapprobation. Not a single hearty welcome, so far as we have seen, has greeted the announcement. Each correspondent finds some ground for dissatisfaction, probably inconsistent with the next letter, but combining to indicate that a scheme, as to which it would be difficult to find any middle term between a great *coup* and irremediable failure, has certainly as yet not inspired confidence that it will be the first. Mr. Cockerell's criticism that the somewhat impure air of London has its artistic value in producing a thin blue harmonizing haze to which gold grounds are antipathetic deserves our consideration, while we are unable, as he puts his case, to accept a theory which, if pushed to a logical extent, would condemn that employment of gold grounds of which so much use has been made in all styles of church decoration. But it is a very valuable caution against the project of arbitrarily beginning with the dome, instead of leaving it for the last, by which time its tone of colour would have grown to hand by the concurrence of the decorations of all the remaining portions of the huge and complex Cathedral.

A side fight has grown out of the main controversy, in which it seems to us that the sub-Committee are clearly in the right. We have explained how, by Mr. Clayton's friendly help, they bought Mr. Stevens's rough sketch and founded one of their own upon it. Mr. Clayton has written to complain to the *Times* that they after having entered into such an inheritance from so great an artist should not have held themselves bound to adhere to it with

a Chinese exactness. The sub-Committee rightly repudiate so tyrannical an obligation. It does not only require an artist to be eminent, but to be super-eminent, to endow his posthumous sketches—especially sketches left unexplained and in a very rough state—with infallibility and immutability. Probably a dome sketch by Raffaele, or Titian, might reasonably claim such a privilege. But Mr. Stevens, however he may have proved his merit by another posthumous work, has certainly at the same time settled his claims to infallibility. No one who has gazed with astonishment on the bronze allegories perched aloft upon shelves on the Wellington Monument at a height which shows all that should be concealed, and hides all that should be revealed, can enfold him with that attribute.

We do not complain of the Dean and Chapter for having consented to the paper experiment. It will cost a good deal of money, and produce an even greater amount of wrangling, and after all probably result in nothing being done. But with a sub-Committee so eminent and so industrious as that with which they had to deal, it was certainly in better taste, and probably more safe, to take a line which was at once good-natured and self-protective against that artistic responsibility which is so little to the taste of corporate bodies. "Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin," has got many more cautious people out of scrapes than it has left the feather-headed tribe of Georges Dandins in them.

If the exertions of the erudite conclave of amateurs should end in disappointment, the case of the decoration of St. Paul's—after so many years of successive and diversified collapses—will indeed be woeful. But repeated calamity may at last sober the most impulsive, and open persons' eyes to one fact to which by chance, or set purpose, they have long been closed, and lead them to remember that the building over which the art-world has so long been pottering is not a picture-gallery, but a church; and that the first use of any windfall which may come to it might, to an unimaginative mind, rather seem to be to make it as seemly and stately for the worship of the Almighty as possible, than to squander it for the staring admiration of country cousins, and the carping criticisms of aesthetic theorists.

BOYS AND SCHOOLBOYS.

THE author of the first of a series of "Imaginary Portraits" in *Macmillan's Magazine* has presented the world with an elaborate sketch of the soul of a small boy. The sketch is well worth looking at for many reasons. It may be granted at once that all small boys are not so sensitive to the influences of white curtains and of dainty carvings, still less are all so self-conscious, as Mr. Pater's little lad. On the other hand, a period of tender imaginativeness in very early boyhood is more common than grown-up men suspect. They seldom like to look too closely into the details of their "angel infancy," and when they do think of themselves in the past they behold a vision of a fellow who was grubby and greedy. He soiled his pinafore in the manufacture of toffee and mud-pies, he broke his toys, he had half-conscious intervals of illness and pain, and learned from the people about him that he "had the measles." There is some truth in this "memory-picture," but it is very superficial truth. If a man thinks longer, he will be surprised by the interest of his own childhood. He will remember how strange were his dreams of what this or that unknown experience was to be like. His ideas of the world were a patchwork pieced together out of hints from pictures, scraps of conversation half understood, and dreams half forgotten. The influences of places, as of corners in gardens, and of favourite pools in the little trout-stream, and of the first sight of such strange things as snow, or of long lakes covered with ice, or of the stars, remain in the soul of every one, and help to make up the whole of the effect which nature still produces on us. One can recover, by an effort, the sense of living in "worlds not realized," and can recall the strange force of lines of poetry, then heard but scarcely understood, and the passion of that earliest affection which alone "needs no winning."

If a man is once interested in the reconstruction of his earliest boyhood, he will find the study of children of eight or nine years of age pathetic and amusing. They keep to themselves everything that is not positive, everything that they do not feel perfectly sure of, from a natural reticence and sensitiveness. They are more than half aware that their world is not that in which men and women live, and they earnestly endeavour to adapt themselves to the conditions of the world of grown-up people. It is not so very difficult, happily, to make friends with them and surprise their secret. If a man is gentle, sympathetic, and never ironical, children will confide to him the secrets of their imaginative existence. They are like the boys who look into the ink-drop of the Arabian magician, and behold processions of wonderful beings that older persons cannot hope to see. De Quincey has described a kind of gorgeous and shifting vision which he was accustomed to see in his childhood—a play of vivid fancy working unconsciously, but so strongly that the inner pictures of the soul were projected outwards, and appeared to be seen by the bodily eyes. Probably this kind of experience is not unusual; and we have heard a boy of eight describe, with curious minuteness, the very phantasmagoria which De Quincey seems to have been able to remember. This faculty of children may be worked on by superstitious or designing people, till a neighbourhood becomes famous for visions and apparitions, as is the case in parts

of France to-day. The curious tendency of children generally truthful to tell amazing, unaccountable, and profitless fibs is another manifestation of early fancy. Few writers have observed the hidden life of boyhood more closely than Dickens. When he makes Pip, in *Great Expectations*, tell those huge, palpable lies about the flags, the black velvet coach, and the mastiffs which fought for veal cutlets out of a silver basket, he gives a strong proof of this intimate study. The day-dreams and imaginary adventures which David Copperfield kept to himself were not more true to childish nature than the inventions of Pip, which, as Mr. Gargery said, "were of a stunning and outdacious sort, alluding to them which bordered on veal cutlets and dog-fighting."

No two creatures can be more widely different than the boy and the schoolboy. The latter has apparently no inner life at all. In one term he loses all his fancy; his habit of peopling nature with visionary shapes. He keeps nothing of his old self, but a certain home-sickness, of which he is taught to be ashamed. From the most retired kind of life in the world, a boy delicately nurtured is pitchforked into the most public sort of existence. He is always in the presence of his fellows, who have laws of their own that bind not only outward actions, but inward thoughts. He must adopt their games, their stock of ideas, their laws, etiquette, and way of thinking. In most schools these things are all traditional. They were not constructed by the boy of to-day, but by the savage and tameless creatures of dead centuries. The old idea of a schoolboy was that of a young barbarian who was eternally being flogged and "tunded," who played at the grubby game of marbles, fought like a prizefighter, robbed orchards and hencoops, and passed many hours of the night in torturing the smaller fellows who shared his room. That ideal has been a good deal toned down. Bullying has not altogether disappeared, and probably it never will become extinct. It is perhaps less scientific than it used to be, and we have not heard for several years of such a thing as a boy being roasted. A lad may have been shot, perhaps, by a playfellow who had a theatrical turn and liked taking the part of William Tell with a pistol instead of a crossbow. Even if that tradition be not purely mythical, it is better to be shot than broiled. Probably the worst form of modern bullying is that which is exercised under a kind of sanction, and is looked on as the expression of a healthy public feeling. A boy is looked on as a *cagot*, and has "the cheek taken out of him" by all the other members of his form. One sometimes wonders that life is left in him at all; but it is plain that a youth will do well to avoid becoming the butt of this noble indignation. He will do his best, if he is wise, to be exactly like every one else, and he must defer the pleasure of having a character of his own till he gets into the fifth form.

If bullying is less scientific and elaborate than it was, the growing dislike of physical pain may account for the fact. The schoolboys of the iron time actually liked to be maltreated it seems, and enjoyed above all things the active infliction of torture. Possibly they are now beginning to learn a little pity, and that they do not enjoy bruises as much as they did is proved by the decadence of fighting. We doubt whether, if Arminius went to a large public school to-day, he would witness that moving scene between Bottles and Fitz-Plantagenet which Mr. Matthew Arnold has described:—"First, a boy goes up to Bottles, and says, 'Bottles, Plantagenet says he could lick you with one hand; you are as big as he is—you wouldn't take a licking from him, would you?' 'No,' answered poor Bottles, rather hesitatingly. Upon this another boy rushes to Plantagenet. 'Plantagenet,' says he, 'that brute Bottles says he wouldn't take a licking from you.' 'Does he, the beast!' thunders Plantagenet, and flying at Bottles, hits him full on the nose." Combats like those historical battles of Cuff and Dobbin and Tom Brown and Slogger Williams are quite out of date. Has any schoolboy of to-day seen anything like the mill between Berry and Biggs, the gown-boy? "This famous fight, as every Slaughter-House man knows, lasted for two hours and twenty-nine minutes by Hawkins's immense watch. All this time the air resounded with cries of 'Go it, Berry!' 'Go it, Biggs!' 'Pitch into him!' 'Give it him!' and so on." Fighting was perhaps brutal, but was it not more manly than the comparatively modern habit of "hacking"? Two English boys quarrel, and set to work—we write it with a blush—to kick each other's shins! This abominable practice has no doubt arisen from a corrupt following of the rules and regulations of football.

"Thou shalt play all manner of games" is the first commandment of the modern schoolboy, and it has the approval of the masters. If a lad would be well with his fellows he must not let a trifle like the wishes of his parents and the commands of the family doctor prevent him from playing at football and pursuing the hares (provided with bags of paper) across a stiff country. "So-and-so is a nice little boy," one has heard people remark to a schoolboy some years ago. "Is he a nice little boy?" answered the youth with great scorn; "he is not allowed to run in the grinds." Here is a queer standard of social and moral excellence, and is it not plain that a boy must at all hazards model himself after the fashionable type? Nice little boys, who have not robust constitutions, might find the task easier if they were invariably well fed at school. Unluckily, this is not always the case. The many "hampers" of provisions, and the large supplies of pocket-money, of the modern schoolboy are not all needless. The system of our schools makes gentlemen and scholars earn their living as hotelkeepers. They must take boarders, and they have not time to be always "serving tables." Their servants may be honest in the narrow sense, and may study

nothing but what they think the immediate interests of their employers. Hence the impossible dinners of ill-cooked, third-rate meat, from which boys go hurrying away, to spend their pocket-money with the pastrycook. When we find lads buying, not tarts and sweetmeats, but mutton-chops and beefsteaks, we may be tolerably sure that the official dinner is insufficient or uneatable. Examples of this wasteful and most cruel and unhealthy state of things will endure as long as parents submit to it, or even encourage it, by practically paying twice for their sons' maintenance—once in the shape of board, and again by way of pocket-money.

Six months of existence in a public school naturally take the fancy and poetry out of the boy, and turn him into the school-boy. If he is one of the little martyrs who are crammed for early scholarships, he learns before he is fourteen to make money out of his brains, and to decorate his accomplishments for the market. If any one thinks the change a sad one, and prefers Mr. Pater's Florian Deleal to Thackeray's Biggs and Berry, let him remember that there is a reaction and another change. Boys cast off their acquired savagery at fifteen or sixteen, and become agreeable companions enough—modest, manly, and self-reliant. What they, or the imaginative ones at least, would be if they were left alone with their visions, it is not easy to say.

THE SEVERN VALLEY.

A POPULAR volume of some ten or more years ago owed much to its well-chosen name, *All Round the Wrekin*; and it has recently happened to us to visit by railway, and chiefly by that part of the railway system of the "Severn Valley Railway," which traverses East Shropshire, the chief notable points of interest which lie on either side of the Severn in Salop, and which are overlooked by the most detached and commanding, though by no means the loftiest, of Shropshire mountains. We started from the border town of Bewdley, where, except for its situation on the slope of a hill on the right bank of the Severn, entitling it most justly to its name of Beau Lieu, a few half-timbered and many-gabled houses, some lovely reaches of river, and the shelter of the adjoining forest of Wyre, a man might not like to be stranded, especially in unpromising weather. Whatever traditions the town enjoys of the residence of Arthur, Prince of Wales, in the Court House of the Marches, or of Charles I.'s visits in the Civil War, no vestige of these meets the eye; whilst the barn-like exterior of the church leaves one with the prevailing impression that the Puritan party of the latter period has left its influence on the once busy borough. Weather permitting, the specific for passing the time till the train starts is to lounge on Telford's Bridge; but at last there is an end, and hope revives when the train for Bridgnorth, and thence by Coalbrook Dale and Buildwas to Shrewsbury, steams in from Hartlebury. By this we are carried past a succession of river-side woodland and valley scenery, noted haunts of the botanist and geologist, whilst near the line and river the village, church, and castle of Arley are a type of the riches of the whole district. Turn aside at such a by-station as Highley, and easy walking will bring one to Alveley church on the right, and Chelmarsh, which belonged to Wigmore Abbey on the left, to say nothing of remoter churches which on either side of the river bear witness to ancient pious founders, as well as, in most cases, to judicious modern restorers. One station before reaching Bridgnorth bears the name of Hampton Load or Lode, and curiously explains that of a street in Bewdley (Lode Street) which runs down to the bridge. Lode was Old-English for ford, and betokens an ancient passage of the Severn. It seems to have been by this Hampton Lode that the dwellers to the west of the river crossed of old to Quat, Dudmaston, and Quatford, the last of which retains in its name, indicating *wood* and *ford*, tokens of the favourite hunting-ground of Roger de Montgomery in the Forest of Morf. Some vestiges of a keep occur on the river side of a precipitous rock, with a fosse in its rear; and the castle and bridge of "Quatford" are recorded in Domesday as "New Berg of Earl Roger." Morf Forest, in fact, with the rich lands and water-side, was under Edward the Confessor a fruitful estate, bounded to the west by the Severn. The Conqueror granted it to Earl Roger, who probably built the fine Norman church of Claverley and gave its tithes, with others, to the collegiate church of Quatford. The chancel arch of the present church is late Norman, but the rest of it is chiefly of the fourteenth century. Among old endowments of the church is one of a piece of land to defray the cost of ferrying church-goers across the Severn.

We reach Bridgnorth, still by the railway on the left bank of the river, at a point whence the singular division of the town into High and Low can be taken in at a glance. The Low Town girds the river, rather than the river it. The High Town, perched on rocks 180 feet above, looks down picturesquely on the Severn bridge, with which its communication is by a curious passage and a seemingly interminable flight of steps. The churches, the High Town, the ample and delightful Castle walks, with the battered and leaning tower which recalls Pisa and Caerphilly, are all in the upper division; but it is to the level of the bridge, and in fact of the Low Town, that we descend to visit the old Black-and-White House still shown as that in which Bishop Percy of Dromore was born, and which bears the date of 1580. To give the faintest sketch of the history of Bridgnorth would more than exhaust our space. The castle is said to have been built by Earl

Roger's turbulent son, Robert de Belesme, in 1098; and the name of the town, originally Brug, gained the suffix of North in distinction from an ancient bridge which succeeded to the original ford at Quatford. Royalty visited the Castle in the persons of Henry II., when it was in a state of siege, with Becket in his train; of Henry III.; and of the unfortunate Edward II., before his imprisonment at Kenilworth and Berkeley. In the war with the Parliament, it received several visits from Charles I. On the 31st of March, 1646, a Colonel Billingsley, of Abbot's Astley, defending the town and churchyard of St. Leonards for the King, was killed in a sharp encounter, the record of which is preserved in some almshouses in the close, built in commemoration by his nephew. If we may believe the Blakeway MSS. in the British Museum, Cromwell had well nigh met his death by a brace of musket bullets which hit a cornet of his regiment while riding within "twice pistol shot" of Bridgnorth; and, to go further back, when Henry II. was besieging the rebel Mortimer in the Castle, an archer, Hubert de St. Clare, received in his own breast an arrow aimed from the wall at that of his liege. Far more interesting, however, is a touching tale extracted from the Blakeway MSS. by a former rector and historian of Bridgnorth, about two schoolboys "at play in the upper part of St. Leonard's Church, when a joist on which they were standing gave way. One boy had just time to catch hold of the beams with his arms, and the other, slipping over his body, caught hold of his legs. They hung some time, calling for help; but no one heard them. At length the upper boy said he could hold no longer. The lower boy said, 'Do you think you could save yourself if I were to loose you?' 'Yes,' said the other, 'I think I could.' 'Well then,' said he, 'God bless you!' and, loosing his hold, was instantly dashed to pieces. The upper boy climbed to a place of safety." The church where this scene was enacted was a collegiate church of ancient grandeur, which suffered sorely in the civil war. It has been nobly and lovingly restored, and is one of the finest in the county. As much cannot be said for the church of St. Mary's, which is in the Grecian style. The present town-hall is a half-timbered building, bearing the date of 1652, and represents the gift or sale of an old barn at Wenlock to the burgesses of Bridgnorth, which, after the destruction of its predecessor by fire, was restored on the original stone arches. Amongst other antiquities here are the remains of a House of Grey Friars, of which the panelled hall and cells (temp. Henry III.) are now store rooms of a carpet manufacturer; and about a mile out of the Low Town, on the Morf Forest road, a red sandstone cave, known in Edward III.'s time as Ethelward's Rock, and supposed to have been tenanted by a hermit, brother of King Athelstan. The red sandstone has lent itself easily to the rude sculpture of arches, piscine, and pulpit steps; but modern irreverence tolerates the desecration of the hermitage, or its precincts, to such base uses as swine-feeding.

A run of some ten miles through the headquarters of Shropshire pottery and Shropshire iron—in which ravines and river scenery assert the beauties of nature against the disfiguring influences of forge, furnace, and squalid cottages—brings us to the junction of the Severn Valley and the Craven Arms Line at Buildwas, within a short walk of which are the ruins of one of the finest Cistercian abbeys in England, nestled down amidst an amphitheatre of hills, with the Severn flowing north through a secluded valley. The name is from *beidd* "a shelter" and *was* "an alluvial flat," and may be illustrated by the Herefordshire names of Moccas, Sugwas, and Rotherwas. The date of the abbey is 1135; its founder was Roger de Clinton, Bishop of Chester and crusader. The building is cruciform, 163 feet long, and 26 feet 8 inches broad; the nave is 70 feet long, including 5 bays; the choir, with two remaining bays and the crossing, is 62 feet; the square-ended aisleless presbytery is 34 feet by 26 feet 9 inches; and the transept with two chapels in each wing, separated by solid walls, is 84 feet. The massive tower which rises from the point of intersection is indeed gone; but the solid pillars of the nave, the square late Norman capitals, as at Tewkesbury, the pointed arches, and the round-headed clerestory windows indicate a prevalence of Norman style, with an approach towards Transition. The Abbot's Lodge has, at Wenlock, been "restored" into a modern dwelling, to the confusion, if not effacement, in this instance, of many ancient details; but one striking feature of Buildwas Abbey still remaining is the oblong chapter-house (41 feet by 31) vaulted in nine compartments, and supported by four columns, two octagonal and two circular. Hence it is an easy trip, by favour of the branch line, to the town and Clunian Priory of Wenlock. Once the seat of a Saxon nunnery founded by St. Milburgh, daughter of King Merwald of Mercia; and again, after 200 years, of a church founded by Earl Leofric, the priory, of which we note the scanty but beautiful remains, represents Earl Roger's foundation for Benedictines affiliated on the mother abbey church of Clugny. The ruins cover thirty acres, and consist of part of the south side of the nave, a fragment of the north transept, still more of the south, the chapter-house, and the Prior's Lodge. This last is worth making an effort to see, as presenting a unique example of a prior's lodge in its domestic arrangements. The gem, however, of the external ruins is the chapter-house, the capitals of whose columns display every variety of fanciful design, while the rows of intersecting arches, each springing from the intersecting point of the arch beneath, show the taste and sumptuousness of the Norman earl who here dedicated of his best to God. Beside and beyond the Priory, toward, is a mixed Norman and Decorated church; and the town, with its half-timbered Guildhall and its wealth of black and white houses, is one which

every tourist should visit, though it would be well to choose a Tuesday or Friday, on which the Prior's Lodge is shown, and not, if it can be avoided, the day of a "pleasure fair." Harsh and discordant music jars on the spirit attuned to the silent grandeur of the priory precincts.

From the region of Ironbridge and Madeley a branch line will bring us to Shifnal, which is worth a visit no less for its charming timbered houses and venerable antiquity than its old cruciform church of various dates from Norman to Perpendicular. The Late Decorated Moreton Chapel, and the parvise or upper story of the south porch, with trefoiled arch in the outer door, are interesting features of this church; and one is more than ever puzzled about the topic of longevity on finding recorded on a mural tablet the names of two Shifnallians who died at the ages of 123 and 127 years. To all appearance Shifnal lies low, and near the water. The country round is remarkable for its large and frequent pools and ponds. One object in making a halt at Shifnal was to visit the interesting church of Tonge, which lies near Norton Mere, one of these pools, and to get a site of the fantastic structure calling itself Tonge Castle, built on the site of a home of the Pembruges and Vernons by an eccentric Paymaster of the Forces in 1761. Of the caprices of his architectural experiments words could give no adequate account; but the church deserves examination as a fine example of Early Perpendicular style, with nave, aisles, and central octagonal tower; and a chapel with an exquisite fan-vaulted roof of later date than the rest. Screen, stalls, "Miserere seats" and pulpit show a profusion of finely carved woodwork; but the speciality of the Church is its number of interesting monuments. An alabaster tomb, supposed by Dugdale to be that of Sir Fulke Pembrugge and his widow, who founded this collegiate church, has been shown by Eyton to be that of Sir Richard Vernon, Treasurer of Calais, who inherited the estates and arms of Pembrugge, and died in 1451. The tourist who finds himself at Tonge will hardly fail to visit Boscobel, some three miles distant from it, where he may examine the old timbered house, and will understand how the trap-door at the top of the garret staircase and the chamber in the thickness of one of the bedroom chimneys, after hiding Jesuits in one generation and Loyalists in another, might possibly be a place of refuge for the King. From Boscobel it is a short drive past the ruins of White Ladies, a convent of the Cœur de Lion era for Cistercian nuns, to Albrighton, where the church has a fine altar-tomb to John Talbot of Grafton, knight; but for fitting accommodation the tourist had better at once make his way by rail to Wellington. Wellington indeed might be spared a visit, for the town is commonplace and the church ugly, but that it is the nearest point to the Wrekin, besides being a good point by rail from which to make Lilleshall.

The tourist who is blessed with clear weather will do well to climb the Wrekin, by way of discovering his bearings and learning what he has seen and what he has yet to see. This will be readily understood if we remember that the Wrekin is said to command an outlook on seventeen counties; much more then may it include within eye-range the special features of its own county. Its dome-like main summit, marked by the post of the trigonometrical survey, rising 1,320 feet above the sea, and reached by a two-miles walk involving a large amount of resolute perseverance, affords, when reached, a review of our course from Bridgnorth to Wellington and Wenlock, and enables us to complete in bird's-eye view the route of the Severn Valley past Cressage, said to be named from its ancient missionary oak, and Cound with its Norman font, and Berrington and Atcham Bridge, to Shrewsbury. Beneath, to the west, between the Wrekin and the Severn, is Wroxeter or Uriconium, more conveniently visited in connexion with Shrewsbury and its Museum. Tracing the line of the Shrewsbury and Stafford railway to the north-east, from Wellington towards Donnington and Newport, the eye will light upon the high grounds above Lilleshall Abbey; whilst to the north-west of our standpoint on Wrekin, and a little to the north of Shrewsbury, on the slope of an historic hill with as grand an outlook as the Wrekin, is situate the fourth grand abbey ruin of Salop, Haughmond. We must give a few words to the ruined grandeur of these two abbeys. Lilleshall is within an easy railway distance of Wellington or Newport. The care of its dual proprietor makes the route from Donnington easy, by abundant finger-posts; and a level walk of two miles and a half through a thriving woodland country brings us past a village, named probably from a Saxon lord, Lilla's Hill, to the Abbey of Austin Canons, founded in 1145 by the brothers Richard and Philip de Beaumes—the one, Dean of St. Alkmunds, Shrewsbury; the other, Lord of Tonge. Its most impressive feature is the noble western portal, round-headed, of three orders with a four-leaved flower in the outer moulding; the shafts destroyed, but one capital of graceful form and foliage still remaining. A Perpendicular tower, as at Malmesbury, is supposed to have surmounted this western door. The nave, choir, and presbytery may be traced very distinctly with the aid of the plans and explanations given in Mr. Mackenzie Walcott's *Four Minsters round the Wrekin*, a volume which, here as elsewhere, will be found useful to the tourist in Shropshire; the transept, too, with its chapels, double in each wing; and the remains of the five-light east window in the presbytery. Here the arrangement of the conventual buildings in connexion with the church is extremely interesting; and the rich designing of the eastern procession door, with its chevrons and diamond-fretted arches and mouldings, its capitals, varying shafts, and device within the tympanum, shows lavish ornament of Norman

date. To the east also are traces of the Chapter House, with one remaining window of the dormitory above it. The abbey is peculiar in having no triforium. In the absence of aisles, too, it is like Buildwas. When we have lingered to our heart's content in the quiet cloisters of Lilleshull, it is well that a railway trip through some uninviting Shropshire black country should have Haughmond Abbey yet in reserve at the end of it. Exquisitely situated, overlooking the ample estate and park of Sundorne, this may be reached by the tourist in a four miles' drive from Shrewsbury, past the station and St. Michael's Church, and after a divergence, at a little more than a mile of the county town, from the Wem road. The surroundings of Haughmond are extremely interesting, especially the abbey fishpond, the avenue that skirts it and leads to the sanctuary, and the broad prospect of ample champaign country, watered by the Severn, and bounded by hills in the midst of which Shrewsbury and its spires gleam in brightness. But the Austin Canons Abbey in itself is somewhat disappointing. Tower, nave, choir, have been long effaced; nought of the second remaining but the south doorway, a beautiful round arch on slender shafts. The Chapter-house, however, is here still entire, and is entered by a fine round arch flanked by windows, all adorned with a profusion of foliage. In the jambs of the columns are canopied saints, an addition of the fourteenth century, but these have suffered sorely from iconoclasts, whose sins are traditionally heaped on the Barkers, proprietors of the sixteenth century. It has a fine ribbed oak ceiling with fourteenth-century mouldings. The discovery in Haughmond's nave of Norman shafts of arcaded walls and a north-west doorway proves here a difference from Lilleshull in the former existence of an aisle, at least on the north side, and it is probable also that here grand flights of steps led up by stages to the high altar. Traces of the refectory and great hall lie to the south and west. But we must here close our tour, and refer our readers to the local annals for the associations of the neighbouring battle-field where the Douglas essayed his desperate leap; and, to repeat Shakespeare's pun, "Hotspur" became "Coldspur."

CONVERSATIONS ON THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

IT is not very easy to gather the precise drift of a little tractate published under the above title by Mr. Willis Nevins, who informs us on the title-page that he is the author of a *Popular Defence of the Jesuits*, and in the preface that "he is a Roman Catholic, and that suffices," i.e. as regards his own opinions. No doubt it "suffices" to show that he does not hold any opinions which are not in his judgment open to a Roman Catholic, but if the reader has any curiosity to know what his opinions are about the Council and its new dogmas, he will search these pages in vain for any definite reply. The author says it is "a textbook," but what it is a textbook of, unless it be of objections to the Vatican dogmas, is not very clear. However we had perhaps better give the preface, which is very short, as it stands, and our readers may apply their own ingenuity to unriddling the meaning of the Sphinx:—

The Vatican Council has caused many men, some of great ability and with honoured names, to leave the Catholic Church. Others notoriously hate it, but submit as far as silence goes.

This book is not written for boys or those to whom difficulties do not come, but for those whose minds have been occupied by the momentous religious controversies on the subject. Such persons will be glad to have a small book giving the main arguments which have been used publicly against the Council, and also the best defence, as it seems to the Author, which is made.

Some may object to seeing objections. This is puerile. The *Times* and *Pall Mall* must be put on the *Index* if none are to bear of objections, especially as here both sides are given. It is in fact a text book.

As regards the opinions of the Author, it remains but to be said that he has not brought his own personality into the book. He is a Roman Catholic, and that suffices.

A fair field and no favour is all that any man in our time can ask for any work or any object.

Certainly if he has given "the best defence which is made" for the Council, we can only say—and it is difficult to believe that the author would not agree with us—"bad is the best."

The conversation opens with a dialogue between a "young man" who starts objections, and a priest who undertakes to answer them, but who seems to proceed rather on the principle of a rider in a donkey-race who does not desire the animal he bestrides to win. We have first an attempt to prove that papal infallibility was "practically believed" before the Council, which takes the shape of proving, by something more than an *ignoratio elenchi*, what has always been the cantata of anti-infallibilists—namely, that Pius IX. "always intended to define it," and took particular pains for several years before, with the help of Mr. Nevins's clients the Jesuits, to suppress all opposition and make "the episcopate pave the way for the definition"; all which may be read in detail in *Janus*. The Priest then goes on to maintain, what is equally demonstrable, but what Cardinal Manning has been at very particular pains to deny, that "the main object desired by the Pope was to have his infallibility declared." Of course it was; but one hardly sees how that circumstance should tend to remove or lessen the "young man's" difficulties. We are next reminded of Cardinal Manning's extraordinary "mistake, to put it mildly," in saying that the notion of infallibility being defined by acclamation was an invention of Janus, whereas the very massacre in Janus to which he refers

is avowedly a quotation from an article published six months before in the leading Jesuit organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*. The Young Man however now begins to get rather tired of the discussion, and is taking leave of it with the very unhistorical platitude that "any way the decree was carried by a large majority, and I suppose that is sufficient," when a new interlocutor comes upon the stage who is called "Gallican"—Anti-infallibilist would have been a better designation, for Gallicanism is a thing of the past—who promptly interposes with a remark more pertinent than polite, "Rubbish—a Council is not a Parliament," quoting a statement of "your Archbishop" (Manning) to that effect. But the Priest and Young Man have no difficulty in showing that according to Cardinal Manning a parliamentary majority is sufficient for making new doctrines, while Gallican has as little difficulty in citing an exactly opposite assertion of Dr. Newman's in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, to which he appends Cardinal Manning's testimony that the definition of the majority was enforced, not because the doctrine was already believed by every one, but because it was strenuously opposed.

By this time the Priest begins to get uncomfortable, and admits in a pathetic sort of manner that "the question of majorities is rather of an unsettling nature"—whether to himself or to the dogmas dependent on them he does not explain—but he is terribly shocked at a fresh line of attack opened by Gallican, who points out that after all the definition emanates not from the Council at all, but from the Pope, and thereby assumes to begin with the very doctrine intended to be defined:—

Gallican: I say we have no decree from the Council, but only from the Pope, and therefore if I did not hold Papal Infallibility before I need not hold it now.

Priest: I know the argument. You say the Council of Trent issued real Canons and wrote "Hec sacrosancta, ecumenica, et generalis Tridentina synodus," &c.; and the Canons are published, as, "canones et decreta sacrosancti ecumenici Concilii Tridentini;" but that the Vatican legislates "Pius Episcopus, Servus Servorum Dei" and "docemus et declaramus," and all the Council has to do with it is *sacro approbante Concilio*.

Gallican: You express the matter quite plainly.

Priest: Well, my only remark is that the Vatican but follows a mediæval rule, which is, that when the Pope presides by his legates, the decrees issue in the Council's name and then the Pope knows they are authentic and can confirm them; but when a Pope is present this precaution is unnecessary. For example take the 2nd and 3rd Council of Lateran at which a Pope was present, in them we have the same form as the Vatican, "*Sacro approbante Concilio*."

Gallican: If it is so, I give up this point, which certainly I was unaware of. But still I deny that a mere majority of votes can determine a matter of faith.

Now Gallicans are generally supposed to know something of history, and no disputant moderately familiar with the A B C of Church history would have allowed himself to be beaten out of an unquestionably sound argument, even with an italicized, *if it is so*, by what is either a disingenuous subterfuge or a piece of the grossest ignorance. Supposing the Vatican Council does "follow a mediæval rule"—which however was certainly not followed at Constance, the only really representative mediæval Council—the reply is obvious. In the first place most of the mediæval synods have been ornamental or packed assemblies, summoned to register papal decrees, and the form of definition accurately enough expressed the fact. But in the next place a Gallican would be the last person to forget that none of the early and really independent Ecumenical Councils, before the division of East and West, ever dreamt of permitting such a formula, nor were they always even convoked by the Pope; still less were their decrees dependent on his assent. And a Gallican might also have been expected to remember that, if the Florentine agreement between Latins and Greeks had taken permanent effect, the Council of Florence was to have ranked as the Eighth Ecumenical, passing over all the mediæval synods with a wet sponge. The Acts were indeed actually printed at Rome under the title of *Oecumenicum Concilium*. But the fact is that all the interlocutors in this strange symposium, instead of making "the best defence" of their respective views, are, so to speak, constantly hedging; *ne quid nimis* appears to be their fundamental rule, and the moment their conclusions become "rather unsettling" they hasten to back out of them again. Thus the Priest having gained his easy victory over Gallican, by the simple process of ignoring all the essential facts of the case, at once proceeds to "minimize" himself, and blandly suggests that after all the dogma "really makes very little difference." That is rather too much, however, for his long-suffering opponent, who again appeals to Cardinal Manning to show that it makes a great deal of difference, whereupon the Priest "looked sad, and sighed," and began talking about "an extreme school," as though he had not committed himself to it by professing to accept the new dogmas.

But here once more "a change came o'er the spirit of the dream." The Priest retires very ill at ease, and after long meditation resolves to ask "a friend of his, a layman (not a convert) of moderate views," to tackle Gallican, in the hope of converting him to a better mind. "Mr. X." accordingly takes up the cudgels—or rather the foils, for it is a very kid-gloved encounter all through—in favour of Papal Infallibility, and proceeds to argue, with the help of extracts from Dr. Newman, that no binding papal definition is ever likely to be matured under many centuries, and that the only one existing as yet "practically affects no one." But "Gallican's" instincts are sounder than his history, and he is not to be cajoled so easily. He insists that the Pope allows no subtle distinctions as to the possible fallibility of this or that decree to interfere with the duty of prompt and absolute submission, and

when "X." quietly observes that "the Pope had no business" to perform various recorded acts of autocratic, not to say despotic authority, the retort is both obvious and crushing:—

Gallican: Directly a priest or educated Catholic pretends to be liberal he invariably says what is heretical. You have just said what Pope Pius in the *Syllabus* has strongly condemned. A condemned proposition is "The Roman Pontiffs and Ecumenical Councils have exceeded the limits of their power, have usurped the rights of kings."

Poor "X." hereupon begins to fear he has "got the worst of it in argument"—as he certainly has—but ventures mildly to suggest that these questions are really of an antiquarian nature. But *Gallican* is inexorable:—

Gallican: I do not agree with you. I might refer to Canada and the notorious proceedings of Bishop Bourget and the Guibord case, but there are far more personal considerations evolved out of the Vatican Decree than those I have mentioned. Before that Council I need only believe the decrees of Councils and could ignore any and every Papal Bull, Brief, or document of any sort unless confirmed by a Council. Now all that is changed and Papal orders are binding be they what they may, for the infallible section is but a very weak weapon compared with the other I quoted. Now take the question of Saints. Surely if the Church decrees such and such a man to be a Saint in heaven, and I feel it is false, and yet am bound to believe it and to hear him invoked, and so on, it is to bind the conscience with fetters of iron? And yet Pius IX. canonised the Spanish Inquisitor, Arbues, whose life is unknown except as having exercised the office of a Torquemada, and being killed by the Jews whose people he had racked and mangled. Then again every Priest has to believe a book which is never out of his hands, the Breviary. But look at the proper offices for Popes in the first three centuries whose names were not in the old editions, but were adopted from the forgeries which deceived St. Cyril, St. Thomas Aquinas, and other lights of the Church. The only Ante-Nicene Popes in the ancient Breviaries were Clement, Urban, Marcus, and Marcellus. The lectures swarm now with fables taken from the pseudo-Isidorian forgeries. Not content with adding falsehoods truths were silenced. Pope Honorius' name was struck out of the lesson for Leo II.'s feast, where his condemnation by the Sixth Ecumenical Council was related. *Animas* ("souls") is also struck out of the Missal and Breviary in the collect for the feast of St. Peter's Chair. Bellarmine maintained that the reformers of the Breviary had mutilated this collect under Divine inspiration. The words of the Devil, "I will give thee all the kingdoms of the world," are put into the mouth of Christ, and addressed by him to St. Peter! (Brev. Rom. Fest. Petr. et Pauli resp. ad lect. 6).

Now one must swallow all this trash as true because the Sovereign Pontiff uses it and orders all priests to use it.

In fact to me the difference between fallibility and infallibility is nothing, and so I twiddle my fingers and trust to the future.

X.: Well, *Gallican*, I see it is useless to say more, but don't desert the old ship—the old Church in which all Europe was brought up.

Gallican: No, I stick to the old Church but I ignore the New which was manufactured in 1870.

Whereupon exit "*Gallican*," but in a short dialogue which follows the young man informs the Priest that he has been refused absolution for denying the Vatican decrees; on which the priest, true to his favourite habit of having two strings to his bow, first expresses regret that he could not keep his scruples to himself, like so many others, and then lapses into orthodox propriety and says "he must believe in papal infallibility, or he is no longer a Catholic." The sting of the dialogue is in the tail:—

Priest: Good gracious, it is late; Monsignor holds his reception to-night, and I must be off—one word—be sure and don't mention our conversations. *Exit*.

Young Man: *Gallican* and my priestly friend both think the same. Priest will be bought; *Gallican* will be damned. Shall I be damned or—go to Monsignor's reception? *Exit*.

Three pages are appended, apparently to blunt the edge of this not very edifying conclusion, in which a new character, "Father L." attempts to draw out a paradoxical parallel between the Nicene and the Vatican Councils—than which no two could well differ more conspicuously in every circumstance—his last word being, "If the Vatican goes, there is no longer any truth in the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church." Is that the Author's last word also? We cannot tell. "He is a Roman Catholic and that suffices," but "he has not brought his own personality into the book." He has taken care however to let us understand that the personalities he has brought into the book, though they hold a brief on different sides for argument's sake, do not, any of them, really believe a word of Vaticanism, but are engaged in oscillating airily between the pleasing alternatives—as the "young man" rather jauntily puts it—of being "bought" or being "damned." It was wittily remarked a year or two ago, when a solemn opening of the restored Choir at Salisbury had been announced, that "the Cathedral is to be opened next week by closing the Nave." On the whole we should not perhaps seriously misconstrue the author's purport in these somewhat enigmatic *Conversations* by assuming that he desired to prove, if indeed fresh proof be wanting, that the Vatican Council has closed the infallibilist controversy by throwing it open to general debate. There is a famous quotation often applied by Roman controversialists in a sense which the illustrious author would have found it difficult even to understand, and which even in his own application of it to a particular case proved an entire mistake; with the insertion of a negative it would form an admirable motto for Mr. Nevins's latest publication, though it might look a little incongruous in a work in defence of the Jesuits—*Roma locuta est; causa (non) finita est*. We respectfully commend it to his consideration for the title-page of a new edition.

THE TROCADERO EXHIBITION.

THE galleries on the right bank of the Seine correspond in width with the Exhibition building in the Champ de Mars; but as these galleries extend in a long curve, shaped like a bow, their length is greater than that of the halls or corridors that run along the north and south fronts of the great building. They contain a vast loan collection of beautiful or interesting objects from every country and of every age, from that of stone axes and flint needles to the Renaissance and so down to the time of Napoleon. This great building covers the bank of the Trocadéro. The galleries, of solid masonry, are permanent buildings, bought by the city of Paris, and the Exhibition they contain does not form a part of the international show, although several countries contribute curiosities and works of art to fill them. In the Exhibition of 1867 M. Du Sommerard formed a loan collection, which was called the "Histoire du travail." Each nation had a section of the gallery to itself, and each filled its own portion with specimens of the arts in which it had excelled in by-gone days. Visitors could trace the gradual change and growth which the arts or the manufactures of different races had gone through, the national production being distinguished in each section as far as might be. There are, it need scarcely be said, considerable periods both of the middle ages and of the Renaissance, during which most of the nations of Europe produced ivories, wood carvings, metalwork, and furniture so much of one character that distinctions as to place of origin can only be made at hazard. The loan collection this year is partly national and partly general. The western half of the galleries is occupied by contributions from various nations, while the eastern contains a collection unmatched for variety and excellence, of all kinds and periods, contributed, with a few exceptions, by rich owners in France. It answers to the special loan exhibition (the first of the kind connected with international shows) formed at the South Kensington Museum in 1862, and originated by Mr. J. C. Robinson.

We may begin by noticing the foreign side, in which we ourselves have no part whatever. We have in this country many admirable collections of such art as fills these galleries; but the cost of sending them to Paris for exhibition could only have been undertaken by heavy additions to the grant made to the Commissioners, who have therefore made no attempt of the kind. As one enters from the middle of the building, to the right or west of the theatre, the first section is occupied by Egypt. Here are interesting specimens of ancient glass weights; stone and metal implements; and paint-boxes, with the remains of pigments in circular hollows, cut in short pieces of wood, in which the colours are still distinguishable. There are also jewels of gold and silver, wood carvings, glass objects, porcelain figures, and paintings. On the walls hang careful facsimiles of mural paintings representing hunting scenes, the taking of the hippopotamus, fishing, boat-building, and other occupations of common life. The mediæval objects consist of specimens of metalwork, with a few examples of the glass lamps of Arab manufacture formerly hung in mosques, and enamelled with Cufic characters in blue. A number of panels of latticework, made up of wood turned in many varieties of pattern, are hung across the gallery. These lattices covered the projecting windows of old houses in Cairo till the reign of the present monarch. They are now disappearing, and a few specimens have been bought by artists and collectors in this country. Some may be seen in the South Kensington Museum. Modern Egyptian jewelry, carpets, woven fabrics, and other manufactures partially fill the space allotted to the section. These contributions, however, are really nothing more than the overflow of the Egyptian exhibition temple in the gardens.

Some examples of Chinese porcelain, screens, and odds and ends representing the arts of the Chinese, are contributed by French lenders. The Japanese have a full and well-arranged exhibition of old Japan porcelain, bronzes, enamels, and lacquer. The latter is abundant and of the highest merit. Three or four sets of furniture finished in gold lacquer are specially noticeable, as well as certain glass table-shaped cases containing small lacquer boxes. The gold on many of these is of several hues, of exquisite delicacy in the designs, and of those strange shapes, some of them like two boxes one over the other, in which old Japanese artists took so much delight. This gold lacquer is not only costly from the great labour and time bestowed on it, but the actual quantity of gold on the objects is often considerable. They are valued as we should value family plate, and many of the treasures here shown have been handed down through several generations as heirlooms. The ivory carvings are of extraordinary skill; there are minute shells covered with animals, men, boys, and creatures of all sorts twisted into strange postures; and boxes squared and cut with mathematical exactness and inlaid or incrustated on the surfaces with flowers, birds, and insects. Some interesting paintings of Japanese figure subjects by Felix Regamey are hung upon the walls. In various parts of the hall are isolated pieces, and cases containing fine examples of damascening on bronze. Some of the cases are contributed by French collectors and some by local museums. Altogether the Japanese section is well filled as to quantity, and seems to have no commonplace or inferior examples.

Belgium occupies, but somewhat sparsely, a large section. There is some woodwork, carved and inlaid; among other things a set

of fourteenth-century doors, probably those of a large ambrey or cupboard in a church sacristy. The woodwork is massive, of broad, intersecting bars, with deep panels not wider than the bars, dished out into cuspings, and fitted with good iron hinges. Three or four carved cabinets and chests belonging to the Transition and Renaissance periods are worth notice. Among the metal-work we may point to some elaborate lock plates, knockers, sheets of goldsmiths' marks, corporation seals, and a series of scutcheons or badges embossed with heraldic figures, and bold, twisted borderwork of the fifteenth century from the Ghent Museum. There are several collars and badges of mediæval guilds. Flanders was rich in these associations under the reign of the Dukes of Burgundy; and this part of the section is well worth attention. Some old church vestments are shown; but none of extraordinary richness or skill in embroidery. The tapestries of the fifteenth century are of great merit. The most remarkable productions, however, of the looms of Arras will be seen in the French section.

The contributions from Spain fill a large section of the building; and some of the objects sent from the Royal Museum and Armoury of Madrid are of singular interest. The armour consists of a complete suit, for man and horse, worn by Charles V., round which are four suits of engraved, damascened, and embossed armour of the sixteenth century. A beautiful helmet of the middle ages, with a vizor of steel, damascened with gold in the old Indian manner, was that of Boabdil, the last Moorish king. The curious visitor will find on the left-hand wall, among some admirable plates illustrating a work still in the press—*Historia de Almería y de sus provincias*—a careful drawing of another helmet of Boabdil's, with remains of a coronet and other ornaments. The armour of Don John of Austria, some well-wrought embossed helmets, and other armour of a comparatively late period, are also exhibited, together with two fine iron saddles of the sixteenth century. There are a few old vestments; and several tapestries from the Royal palace at Madrid which are of great interest. They are probably of Flemish manufacture. Some represent acts of Charles V.; others the stories of Romulus and Remus. They are full of subject, well composed and drawn, and on a large scale. The mythological compositions are replete with elaborate ornament in the dresses and accessories both in the picture and the borders. The Spanish Commission have exhibited a series of transferred fresco sketches of Goya which are too rough and grotesque to give pleasure to admirers of the painter. A series of coloured photographs of peasant costumes as still worn in the various provinces of Spain will be seen with interest. To these photographs is added a series, not half large enough, taken from monuments of mediæval architecture. The architecture of Spain, excepting in the large cities, is but imperfectly known.

From Spain we pass into a square tower or pavilion, which forms the end of the long tiers of galleries on this side of the building, and is occupied by Sweden. There is a well-arranged collection of flint instruments and a few antiquities, but the great display of the section is a series of tableaux made up of life-sized waxworks. Various scenes of Swedish peasant life are illustrated in these compositions; and there is a good family group in the middle of the court. The most curious scenes are the cottage interiors—a family starting out for the baptism of their infant; another with a baby dead in its cradle, the mother weeping over it; and a family at prayers in their best clothes on a Sunday morning. In these instances the cottages are carefully constructed; the roof and thatch are shown; inside we see the benches and furniture, plates, dishes, tools, toys, and all the household belongings of the Swedish peasant. One tableau represents a lake with a boat being launched by the owner, whose wife stands ready for a ferry over. The scenes are genuine pictures of life, and the parishes from which the figures come, and of which they represent the manners and costume, have very probably seen no changes in these respects since the days of Gustavus Adolphus.

The Dutch undertake no section of the Trocadéro buildings; but they have, in a corner of their share of the Champ de Mars, a very curious collection of costumed figures answering exactly to those just described. The dresses of Friesland and of other provinces of Holland may still be seen on gala days by the tourist, and the gold head-dresses and ornaments are worn by maid servants and farmers' wives who bring their produce to Rotterdam. In the Dutch section several of these different costumes are collected. These figures seem to afford as much gratification to the public as the finest works of art that are to be seen in the place, if we may judge by the crowds that beset them.

Though there are, between the Spanish, Egyptian, Japanese, and Belgians, a number of objects well worth seeing in this part of the Trocadéro, the foreigners cannot be said to have taken up their part in the year's retrospective display with much enthusiasm. The cost of undertaking a share in the contemporary exhibition, with the annexes into which it is found to expand, is as much as most national purses can afford. The Spanish Government shows no small amount of public spirit in doing as much as it has done. Its treasures have not to be sent across the sea as ours have; but what has been brought from Spain to the Trocadéro is bulky and precious, requires careful packing, and has filled many railway waggons. All such expenses must fall on the State, which, in the present instance, is the principal contributor. French collectors, on the other hand, are at home; can easily send or bring their precious objects; and can superintend

in person the arrangement of the cases. Of these advantages they have fully availed themselves. For the present, at least, we must be content to have dealt at length with the foreign contributions.

THE OPERA SEASON.

AMONG the performances given by Mr. Mapleson in a supplementary season at lowered prices which came to an end last week were repetitions of *Faust*, *Carmen*, and *Il Talismano*. Of Mme. Gerster's performance of Marguerite we have already spoken at length. In a certain sense Mme. Gerster's rendering of Edith Plantagenet in the insipid and pretentious *Talisman* is yet more remarkable. That is, in the one case the singer has a great part to interpret; in the other she has to make what she can out of nothing. Only such acting and singing as Mme. Gerster can make so poor a piece of work as *Il Talismano* tolerable. In this opera, as in *Faust*, Signor Fancelli's singing was remarkable for its steadiness and beauty. We cannot pass over the repetition of *Faust* without dwelling on the marked improvement made by Signor Del Puente in the part of Mephistopheles. He struggles, very far from unsuccessfully, with the difficulties put in his way by the incompetent stage management of the cathedral scene; and whereas he used to be feeble and ineffectual at this point, it is now one of his most meritorious scenes. *Carmen* is an opera which decidedly grows upon one. The music has beauty and originality, and the dramatic construction is effective and striking. We fail to understand the position occupied by some people who have complained bitterly of the repulsive character of the story and of the heroine. It is true that *Carmen* is entirely untroubled by principles, being little better than a lively, but untaught animal, and that her conduct leads to her being stabbed by a jealous lover; but at its worst this is not more appalling than either *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*; and it is Miss Hawk's signal merit that she contrives to make *Carmen* herself absolutely attractive. Signor Del Puente sang remarkably well, especially in the "Toreador" song, as Escamillo. Signor Runcio, who played José in place of Signor Campanini, sang with excellent intentions, which his means were unequal to fulfilling. Thus the beautiful unaccompanied phrase outside the tavern in the second act lost much of its effect. Signor Runcio's acting in the following scene had much truth and fire, and was indeed, if anything, too forcibly lifelike.

As a whole it is impossible to look back with satisfaction upon the opera season of this year. For some seasons past, with the exception of last year's season at Her Majesty's Theatre, the performance of opera at both houses has been declining in effect, tone, and finish. We may hope that next season will not at either theatre reach a lower depth than has been sounded by this. Some reasons for the decline which has been observed may be easily found. The opera has long ceased to be the exclusive resort which it was in the days of "Fops' Alley." When managers could no longer rely for support upon a limited, but certain, patronage, two courses were evidently open to them—either to appeal to such part of the fashionable world as still clung to the opera, and through that part to the vast number of foolish and vulgar people who go to the opera, not because they care the least for music, but because it is "the opera," and they like to ape the fashion; or to take such measures as would attract the perhaps not equally large, but still considerable, number of people who will make some sacrifices in order to hear good operatic music. This is practically what has been done during the supplementary season just now and in the autumn season last year by Mr. Mapleson, and possibly the result may encourage further efforts in this direction. Of the other line of policy—that of relying entirely upon a few "stars"—the evil consequences have been over and over again pointed out in these columns. Yet a third policy—that of engaging a number of "stars" to sing together—was pursued last season at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the result, as far as the audience were concerned, was all that could be desired. It can hardly, one would think, considering the salaries now demanded by great singers, have been equally satisfactory from the manager's point of view.

One reason for the unsatisfactory effect of operas is the great decline in stage management at both houses, both as to the grouping of characters and chorus, and as to the general working of stage machinery. This, though not a matter of primary artistic importance, is still worthy of great attention from a dramatic point of view, as, if heed is not given to these mechanical and apparently trivial matters, the effects of great artists are diminished, and those of such singers as have no great dramatic power are entirely destroyed. Even the finest lyric comedians cannot but fail in their effects in the scene of the death of Valentine in *Faust* if one half of the cathedral is allowed to swing backwards and forwards for some feet at the most exciting moment of the scene; and no one can be expected to act, much less to sing, in the last scene of *Il Flauto Magico*, who is in positive danger from the showers of red fire which are thrown about by obtrusively visible carpenters. We have several times noticed the utterly puerile and offensive effect of the change of scene at the end of the first act of *Faust*, which has been introduced at Covent Garden; and whilst on the subject of stage management generally, we may observe that, although the change is of no greater difficulty than the very simplest pantomime

effect, we have never seen it successfully managed this season. The thing is in itself as bad as it can be; and perhaps we need not deplore, astonishing as it is, the apparent difficulty of its execution. We may here notice, with dislike, a growing tendency among some contralto singers to adopt, in pages' parts, the style of dress familiar in Opera Bouffe rather than the admirable and artistic kind of costume worn by the first of contraltos and one of the very first of singers—Mme. Trebelli.

At both houses in the earlier part of the season our ears were offended by frequent noises behind the scenes, which ought to be impossible in any theatre where a stage manager worthy of the name exists. We may here also notice the absurd length of the waits between the acts. If the Opera were nothing but a place of meeting for people who wish to exchange ideas or words, there would perhaps be no objection to a performance consisting entirely of short light Italian operas, with long *entr'actes* to enable visits from box to box to be made. But, as it is, musicians and the general public do go to the opera, where serious and long works are performed; and people bent on seeing each other ought to be contented with from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour between the acts. As it is, great works are mutilated, and the greater part of the audience are wearied, in order to give from twenty minutes to half an hour between the acts. The performances are seldom over before midnight, and often last much later. These late hours are the only possible excuse for the ill-bred custom which we have before noticed of leaving the stalls during the performance, and they furnish at best but a feeble excuse; for those who cannot wait until the end should leave in the *entr'acte*, and sacrifice a part of what they perhaps persuade themselves is their own pleasure rather than disturb the whole house by climbing over their neighbours, perhaps at the most interesting point of the opera. In spite of repeated warnings from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, we have noticed that the highly inconvenient and dangerous practice of putting chairs in the gangways has not yet been given up, even at Her Majesty's, in the building of which most of Captain Shaw's recommendations have been carried out; but neither inclines instead of steps nor auxiliary exit doors can be of any use in the case of an alarm of fire, if the ways of access to those inclines and doors are blocked up. Regulations which are allowed to be systematically disregarded gain nothing in authority by ineffective repetition.

It is unusual to have to notice three operas new to England in one season, and the managers may be given credit for their enterprise, which in Mr. Mapleson's case will probably be well rewarded, as *Carmen* seems to have as great a success with the general public as it has with musicians. Although we can hardly agree with those who predict for the work the same success as that which *Faust* has enjoyed, still it is almost certain to keep the stage, and its performance will always be looked forward to as one of the events of coming seasons. Mr. Gye has not been so fortunate. Neither *Paul et Virginie* nor *Alma l'Incantatrice* has gained any considerable approval, in spite of the efforts made for their success by Mlle. Albani, M. Capoul, and other singers. *Alma* is indeed a remarkably feeble piece of work, and its repetition would hardly prove attractive.

As to the singers, we have to record the genuine advance made in her art by Mme. Gerster, which has been kept pace with by her progress in public favour. Meses. Patti and Albani have fully kept up their great reputations. In Mme. Tremelli Mr. Mapleson has found a singer of exquisite voice and some intelligence, who only requires education and application to take a high rank. The attempts to find some one to fill the place of Mme. Tietjens have not been very fortunate. Mme. Cepeda and Mme. Pappenheim have some merit, and may enjoy a certain amount of public favour; but neither of them can ever hope to reach the position formerly held by the great singer whom we have lost. Signor Gayarré has abandoned his habit of exaggeration, and considerably modified his style of singing, with the best effects, as one is now able to enjoy his generally fine vocalization and the great beauty of many parts of his voice. The band at Her Majesty's has not reached the excellence which it displayed last year. At Covent Garden the instrumental music was singularly bad at the beginning of the season, but has improved considerably since then. The firmness and steadiness of Signor Beignani's beat may have had a good deal to do with this. The advantages of entrusting the band on one evening to his care and on the next to Signor Vianesi's have yet to be shown.

REVIEWS.

PAISLEY ABBEY.*

THE Abbey Church of Paisley is one of the few ecclesiastical monuments of Scotland which have been preserved from utter ruin. Though the conventual buildings have disappeared, and the choir and transepts of the church are unroofed and crumbling to decay, the nave is still entire, and is used as the church of the so-called Abbey Parish. His long connexion with the Abbey as minister of the parish for nearly twenty years has moved Dr. Lees to write the history of this most interesting relic of bygone ages,

* *The Abbey of Paisley from its Foundation till its Dissolution.* By J. Cameron Lees, D.D. Paisley: Alex. Gardner. 1878.

of which he says the "very stones are dear to him." He has brought to bear on his subject both zeal and sympathy. He has carefully searched out and examined into all the records, whether in stone or on parchment, which remain to tell of the colony of Benedictines whose deeds he has taken in hand to chronicle. He has identified himself with the walls within which he has ministered for so long, and somewhat of the spirit of the founders has come upon him, and opened his eyes to look with respect and admiration on the early abbots who were worthy heads of the brotherhood, and beneath whose fostering care the stately fabric rose. Bound up as it was with the fortunes of the family of Stewart, the Abbey of Paisley comes oftener to the front in the history of Scotland than most of the other religious houses. The fact that the first founder chose out the Shropshire Wenlock as the model for his new monastery, and brought from Wenlock the brethren to inhabit it, is one of the strongest links in the chain of presumptive evidence which connects the house of Stuart with the Breton Count who followed the fortunes of the Conqueror.

The site that the Stuart gave for his monastery was well chosen for the wants of the Benedictines. It was rich both in wood and water. The building rose in the centre of a fertile tract of meadow land beside the Cart, and not far from the river Clyde—at that time much wider than it is now—on the banks of which stood his own castle of Renfrew. The meadow land was ringed round by wide-spreading forest, a convenient ranging ground for the vast herds of swine whose flesh was the staple animal food in Scotland at that period; while at no great distance was the moss where the monks could cut unlimited supplies of peat, the simplest form of fuel, and one greatly used in Scotland before the discovery of the usefulness of coal—a discovery for which, as well as for many other blessings of civilization, Scotland is indebted to the much-abused regular clergy. The Priory of Paisley shared the fortunes of its patrons. As they rose in power, it increased in wealth. The family became famous as foster-fathers of the Church, and this beneficent spirit was handed down from father to son as each succeeding generation passed away. Each new Stewart, when he came into his own, confirmed the gifts of his father, and added others of his own. Thus the revenues of the monastery increased, till it collected the tithes of half the parish churches in Ayrshire and in Bute. Unhappily for Paisley, not all its benefactors had such complaisant families. Though the Earl of Lennox gave to the house at Paisley three parishes in the Lennox on the other side of the Clyde, yet it was long before they could be wrung out of the grasp of Duffgall, the Earl's brother, who pleaded a prior claim, and had on his side that strongest of all arguments—the right of possession, supported by the consciousness that he was much too near the line of the Highland border to be easily dislodged. Nor did the matter end with Duffgall. His heirs in the third generation revived his claim, and the monks of Paisley had to stir up against their opponents all the power of the Church and the Benedictines, and to threaten them with all the terrors of excommunication before their indisputable right to the territory in question was finally recognized. They had far-away Highland parishes, too, among the Argyle-shire hills, for fate having willed that the great Somerled, the Lord of the Isles, should fall in battle near Renfrew in 1166, his son Reginald, for the repose of his father's soul, gave large gifts to the priory which soon afterwards was founded near the site of his father's death. This patronage of the monks of Paisley by the Lords of the Isles was a cause of great heart-burning and jealousy to Somerled's own Cistercian house of Saddle. But the Cistercians among the barren rocks of Kintyre could plume themselves on the fact that the head of their house was an abbot, and as such took precedence of and could look down upon the Prior of the wealthy Clugniacs. It was not till 1245 that Paisley was raised to the level of the other great monasteries when the Bishop of Glasgow, being at the Council of Lyons, brought its case before the Pope and the Abbot of Clugny, and gained for it the long-coveted dignity, which was increased by the grant of the power of the mitre and the ring in 1384.

The Abbey shared in the evil days that were in store for the kingdom during the War of Independence. On the strength of one line in Fordun of questionable authenticity, Dr. Lees holds that it was burned by the English in 1307; he also brings forward arguments to show that it was the Abbot of Paisley, and not, as has hitherto been generally believed, the Bishop of Glasgow, who was commissioned to absolve Bruce for the murder of the Red Comyn. Certain it is that the Abbey, like its patron the Stewart, cast in its lot with the popular hero. When more settled times came, they found it so impoverished that even such a small gift as half a stone of wax won for the givers the perpetual brotherhood and prayers of the whole order of Clugny. But with the accession of the Stewarts to the throne its palmy days returned, and a succession of energetic and long-lived abbots raised once more the fallen fortunes of the house to a height greater than that from which they had fallen. To refill their empty coffers the Abbots acted as money-lenders and licensed victuallers, the right to sell wine within their gates being one of their most esteemed privileges. Gradually, too, the burgh of Paisley was growing up beneath the shadow of the church. In the time of that Abbot Shaw who added greatly to the monastic buildings and surrounded the precincts with a wall, described as a mile in circuit and adorned with statues of hewn stone, the town was raised by Royal charter from James IV. into a free burgh of regality. Its privileges included power to try offenders even when their misdeeds trench on the four

points of the Crown, and also the much sought after right of hanging. We see what an offence the lesser privilege of holding fairs and setting up a market-cross was in the eyes of the burghers of the adjacent Royal burgh of Renfrew, and how they resented it from the records of the King's wrath when a band of Renfrew men came under cover of night and knocked down the said market-cross. Nor was this the last of it, for one market-day a company of them appeared in the market-place of Paisley seizing a quarter of beef, a "cabok of cheese," and a "wynd of white clait" for a "penny of custom," which they looked on as their due. A free fight seems to have followed and the Bailies of the Abbot recovered the sequestered goods and sent the spoilers back empty-handed. But it was not only with the burghers of Renfrew that the Abbey had to fight for its privileges. Its fair fortune was looked on with a grudging eye by the lords spiritual as well as temporal, and the abbots had a turbulent time of it and hard work to hold their own.

The records of some of these disputes serve as excellent illustrations of the constant jealousies, rivalry, and wrangling that went on between the regular and secular clergy. The Archbishop of Glasgow especially could ill brook the sight of so powerful and wealthy a community, who, in his own diocese, within sound of his cathedral bells, pluming themselves on their privileges as an offshoot from Clugny, set his authority at defiance, built a great church, and chartered a burgh equal if not superior to his own. Thus it came about that he made continual efforts to assert his supremacy over Paisley, efforts that were as continually resisted by the stout-hearted abbots. It must have made no small stir within the walls of the Abbey when in the gathering twilight of a winter afternoon the rural dean of Glasgow out on a visitation appeared at the gate and demanded admittance. But the gates were not opened at his demand, nor indeed until after long and weary waiting, subdued by the increasing cold and approaching night, he solemnly declared in presence of witnesses that he came not in an official capacity, but merely asked hospitality as a stranger and a traveller. One of the witnesses was a notary, who straightway drew up a public instrument of this declaration. At other times the abbots were eager to enlist the good offices of the Archbishop to bring to order the Bishop of Argyle, who had a trick of seizing the tithes of certain parishes belonging to the Abbey in his diocese. But the Highland Bishop had as little reverence for his spiritual superior as the abbots themselves, and generally returned an evasive answer, but never the money. As a guest we may be sure the rural dean was treated with all due honour, for the Abbey was noted for its hospitality. Chief among its illustrious guests was James IV., with whom Paisley was a favourite resting place in the intervals between his frequent journeys to the extremities of his dominions. But it was not to fortune's favourites alone that the Abbey doors were thrown open in welcome. Its walls offered shelter in life and in death to fallen majesty and humbled pride. Before the high altar rested the bones of that most miserable of the Stewart line who, bereft of his children and betrayed by his brother, died the mere shadow of a king, and was laid by his own desire in a nameless grave. Chief among those who, after being worsted in the battle of life, were fain to seek peace and security beneath the robe of the brotherhood and in the obscurity of their quiet cloister, was that John, Lord of the Isles, whose strivings after a crown had won him nothing better than a monk's cowl. He was there when James halted at the Abbey on his way to and from the shrine of St. Ninian whither he went to expiate by penance his own guilt in acting as rebelliously towards his own father. The rebel vassal's voice must have mingled with that of the King who had shorn him of almost regal power, as they both joined in chanting the services of the Church. A century later and the grotesque heads beneath the massive corbels looked down on another John, the last of Paisley's abbots, to whom fate had been even more cruel. Through the halcyon days of his primacy he still kept his title of Abbot of Paisley; and, when after guiding the helm of the State and rising to be first in the kingdom, he was broken down by persecution and adversity, he crept back by stealth to worship once more after the manner of his fathers before the altar of the church of his own Abbey. The church must have been almost as much changed as the abbot by that time; for though the preachers were never welcomed in Paisley, a visitation of what Knox calls the "rascal multitude" had defaced the church and robbed it of all the ornaments enumerated with so much pride and delight in the times of Abbot Thomas Terras. Before his own fall came Abbot John had done his best to secure the safety of the old pile by making it over to a lay commendator, his own nephew Claude, whose descendant is now the head of the Hamiltons.

The Paisley people had too kindly a memory of the benefits conferred on their town by the abbots to be very eager to join the new faith or to receive its ministers cordially. And the presence of the Hamiltons, who had taken up their abode in what was now called the Place of Paisley, strengthened them in their obstinacy. Even the noted preacher Boyd, of Trochrig, who had won fame for his learning and eloquence among the Huguenots of France, complained bitterly of violence done to his dwelling-house and to his books, and fled discomfited from so troublesome a charge. But his wrongs were revenged on the first Countess of Abercorn, who, on suspicion of being a Papist, was lodged in Glasgow gaol, and only got back to her own house to die of the illness she had caught there. Though the ministers found it so hard at first to get a footing in the Abbey, by the time when the Restoration set up episcopacy again they had won the hearts of the people, whose sympathy now was

all with the ousted ministers, and respectable burghers were ready to plead drunkenness or any other vice as an excuse from holding the office of elder under the new curates. The ministers of Paisley were leaders among the resisters of the enforced episcopacy. In vain within the Abbey walls the voice of the saintly Leighton was heard suing for peace, and bidding these nonconforming ministers beware how they rent the unity of the Church for a question which was one of names alone. His words fell idle to the ground. But when a few years later the godly Mr. Hutcheson from the same pulpit expounded the much more congenial text, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" his eloquence fired the multitude, and resulted in the judicial murder of several offenders charged with the crime of witchcraft. All this time the monastic buildings were gradually disappearing, and the old church was gradually falling to decay. Dr. Lees gives us a peep of the state in which it was when used as the church of the parish, with the birds fluttering in and out of the holes in the roof over the heads of the worshippers below who were brawling even to blood-shedding for possession of the favourite places. After narrowly escaping destruction on the proposal of one of the heritors to pull it down and build up a barn-like tabernacle with the materials, the nave has been during Dr. Lees's incumbency in some measure repaired and restored. Nothing but a doorway is left of the work of the early founders. The greater part of the church, as it now stands, like most of the ecclesiastical monuments of Scotland, belongs to the Middle Pointed period, and has no special features of interest save the triforium and the huge corbels. At the end of the south transept still stands entire a chapel whose name carries us back to the days of the Columban saints. The site chosen by the first Stewart had already been hallowed by the choice of the "glorious confessor St. Mirrin," whose special patronage was sought for the stately edifice that replaced his lowly cell. In the chapel of St. Mirrin, built 1499, are some panels of sculpture of very much older date which Dr. Lees interprets as representing the life and miracles of the saint. Here, too, is the tomb which tradition points out as that of Margery Bruce, the "lass" with whom the crown "came" to the Stewart line. It is now the burial-place of the Hamiltons, and Dr. Lees draws attention to the exceedingly dirty and neglected state in which the chapel has been allowed to remain, and explains that the responsibility for this rests with the Duke of Abercorn.

Not the least valuable part of Dr. Lees's book is the appendices. Among other interesting documents reproduced in them is the rental-book of the Abbey, an examination of which proves that the monks were good landlords as well as careful accountants. We also find an explanation of how the famous Black-book of Paisley, an early, if not the oldest, copy of the *Scotichronicon* come to its present resting-place in the British Museum. Dr. Lees also gives us a list of the Priors and Abbots, so far as they are known, and of the Covenanted ministers who looked upon themselves as their successors in spiritual if not in temporal power. That the new church was not a whit behind the old in intolerance and persecution in Paisley as elsewhere may be gathered from the minutes of the Kirk Sessions. There we find that the sin of staying away from sermons was heavily visited even on sick folk. One poor woman, who pleaded bodily infirmity, had to submit to be dragged from her home and carried into the church on "ane wand bed" before her persecutors were appeased. Dr. Lees himself, however, though a Presbyterian divine, is singularly free from Presbyterian prejudice, as he shows by the impartiality of his treatment of priest and presbyter alike. He points out the good done by the monks in an early age by keeping alive what learning and civilization there was in the kingdom. He takes care to show that the decay of discipline among them dates from the taking from them the right to elect their own abbots, and the corrupt practice of conferring the abbey on the illegitimate kindred of the kings or great nobles. He asserts boldly that it was not the knowledge of Scripture among the people, but the rapacity of the lairds, which brought about the Reformation in Scotland; that the Church lands only went to enrich a few families, who made a very bad use of the wealth so gained, and that, in the present instance, the founding of the grammar school is the only good that has come to the community from the spoiling of Paisley. Nor is he slow to admit that the priest who suffers death for saying mass in what he believes to be the fulfilment of his duty is at least as worthy of veneration as a Covenanter who courted martyrdom by singing psalms at a conventicle rather than "sit under" an uncovenanted minister.

The clearness and good sense which Dr. Lees displays in illustrating his subject are as patent as his impartiality, and prove that he is well read in the latest as well as in the earliest authorities on the history of Scotland. Besides being trustworthy as to facts, his book is so pleasantly written that no one who once dips into it will willingly lay it down till he has traced the fortunes of the old Abbey to its closing hours. Dr. Lees has done his work well because it has been a labour of love, undertaken with the intent of kindling in other minds something of the affection which he himself feels for this memento of the generosity and devotion of a past generation. We heartily join in the hope expressed by Dr. Lees on his last page that this fine church, admirable for its architectural excellence, and still more interesting from its traditions and associations, may ere long be restored in whole, as it now is in part, until it may be worthy to stand side by side with its old rival the Cathedral, whose spires are dimly seen piercing the canopy of smoke that broods over the thousand chimneys of the

adjacent city. In an age when church restoration is carried to such an excess that it too often means church demolition, surely an appeal for means to repair the breaches of this ancient building, containing the tombs of the first founders of our own Royal race, will not be heard in vain.

THE HISTORY OF DRINK.*

THE history of intoxicating drinks is a topic which Mr. Samuelson does not treat in a Rabelaisian style. TRINK is the last word that he would dream of taking for his motto, and so careless is he of the great authorities of times past, that the name of the Cures of Meudon does not even occur in his copious index. He devotes some pages to the study of tipping in Persia, and he has nothing to say about Omar, the poet of the vine. He quotes a very jolly old German catch—

Bibit hera, bibit herus,
Bibit miles, bibit clericus,
Bibit ille, bibit illa,
Bibit servus cum ancilla—

but he says nothing about the drinking songs of Anacreon. Mr. Samuelson is extremely careless about the character of the authorities he quotes. When he writes of tipping in the middle ages, he does not always refer his readers to original documents, but, as a rule, to the compilations of Dr. Doran and Mr. Jeaffreson, and a book called *Homes of Other Days*. The people who made these books may have quoted their authorities correctly, but we do not like the security. Thus Mr. Samuelson's *History of Drink* has scarcely any literary value, and carries no weight at all with the scholar. It is a large pamphlet, in which facts, chosen in a more or less casual way, are treated with fairness and moderation. Mr. Samuelson has strong views of his own about the value of permissive legislation in aid of temperance, but he is far from being a fanatic. He constantly reminds his readers of the fallacies implied in the ordinary way of using statistics. He is not deluded by the nonsense of the "temperance critics" of the Old and New Testament. In short, his volume is interesting and fair enough, though it is neither brilliant nor exhaustive, nor in any sense the work of a scholar.

Mr. Samuelson begins by looking at drink with the eye of the "Agriologist," if we may adopt Mr. Max Müller's name for the comparative student of human customs. It seems that Dr. B. W. Richardson has denied that there is "an instinctive desire in the human race for alcoholic or other artificial stimulants." The question could not be properly settled till a great many other problems had been disposed of. Mr. Samuelson brings forward the example of African and other savages who, not having access to the fire-water of the white man, drink palm-wine and other intoxicating beverages. This instance, and a hundred such instances, will not convince the firm believers in the theory of universal degradation. They reply that all savages were once, heaven knows when, in a delightful state of primitive civilization, that they pushed civilization so far as to learn how to brew strong drink (perhaps like the Picts, from materials as unpromising as heather), and that (no one can tell why) they afterwards became degraded and lost all their cultivation except the trick of getting drunk. It is in vain to argue with people who take this view of the history of the mental and moral condition of savages. Where Mr. Samuelson finds Tartars drinking themselves drunk on some compound of mare's milk, and other savages making merry on the fermented juice of chewed roots, he assumes that these liquors are primitive, and that they satisfy a primitive taste for tipping. Indeed a people must be most satisfactorily degraded which, after it had once known the gift of Dionysus, fell back on fermented mare's milk. To every one who does not see why he should believe in such backsliding, Mr. Samuelson's position seems impregnable. Drinking is a vice of savages, and when savages meet civilization they do not alter their habits, but only their beverages. They get as drunk or even more drunken than before, like Porson when he exchanged the society of the learned Brunck for that of the more learned Runkhen. It may be true that some really degraded barbarians, like the Fuegians, may have fallen so low that they can think of nothing to ferment. In that case they really acquire a new vice when they encounter civilization in the shape of rum. As a rule, however, savages are acquainted with intoxicating liquors of various degrees of nastiness; and they get drunk either by way of amusement when they have no prisoners to torture, or by way of cultivating their religious sentiments on high days and holidays. Perhaps it would not be so safe to maintain that the vice of savages dies out in the highest civilizations. Our ancestors drank terribly in the age of Anne; and Socrates, in the Periclean period, was a four-bottle man or even better (for who can gauge the crater of the *Symposium*?). As to the Roman power of imbibing, Mr. Samuelson is an author far too chaste to quote freely from the version of the *Satyricon* presented to a curious public by Mr. Bohn. He merely hints at the existence of a work which certainly is not well suited to the drawing-room table.

Drinking is the vice of savages, let us repeat; and, as man "works out the beast," he ought to work out the love of liquor. Mr. Samuelson thinks that, on the whole, there are traces of "a gratifying diminution" of intemperance in modern society. Before reaching modern society, however, he has to inspect the old civi-

lizations, like that of the Chinese and of the race well known as the Aryans of India. Confucius seems to have had very sensible notions about liquor. "A virtuous King Wan is mentioned who admonished princes and rulers not to indulge too freely in strong drink." The middle classes, however, "indulged freely"; and about the Emperor Yin we read, with pain, "he was reverently and unchangingly bent on doing and cherishing what provoked resentment. He gave himself up completely to spirits." Mr. Samuelson thinks that Buddha, or rather his theory of life, was the Father-Matthew of China. The Chinese do not now drink so much as they did in the time of Fung; they drink little, but "they like that little strong," and hot. "Many Chinamen, however, cannot stand even a small quantity of wine, and it is no uncommon thing, when the feast is in an eating-house, to hire one of the theatrical singing-boys to perform vicariously such heavy drinking as may be required by custom or exacted by forfeit." "Some oldsters," says Thackeray, "take a horrid pleasure in making boys drunk," and really the religion of Sakya Muni can have done but little for Chinese morality, if the devotees, while they, coward-like, shun the bowl, intoxicate the young and melodious choristers of the national theatre. To tell the truth, the causes of the temperance of the Chinese have little to do with religion. Some Chinamen are sober because they literally need every cash they possess to buy rice and clothing; others devote themselves exclusively to opium; and others, as we have been told, "cannot stand even a small quantity of wine."

If the Chinese are not all that the moralist could desire, what shall we say of the early Aryans of India? If ever there were persons for whose virtue, purity, excellent intentions, and simple habits one could have gone bail, these exemplary persons were the early Aryans. Mr. Max Müller brings them to the front whenever he wishes to prove that Fetishism was not a primitive religion. They called their daughters "little milk-maids," philology tells us, and we think of them quaffing moderate draughts of milk, veneration the clear, blue vault of heaven, and telling anecdotes about the Sun, and his encounters with the winds and the clouds. Mr. Samuelson comes, with quotations from the Rig-Veda, and destroys our dream. The Vedas, according to this new commentator, are little better than a series of drinking-songs, more daring than this of Dibdin:—

I showed him the stuff, and he twiggled it,
And it soon set his reverence agog,
And he swiggled, and Dick swiggled,
And Bill swiggled, and Nick swiggled,
And we all of us swiggled it,
And we swore there was nothing like grog.

Substitute Soma for grog, the god Indra for the chaplain, the priests for the sailors, and you have the Vedas—if we are to believe Mr. Samuelson. The Rig-Veda from beginning to end abounds with references to the supposed "drinking proclivities" of the deities, especially of Indra:

To the effect of the libations poured out to him by his worshippers all his gifts are attributed. "Come hither, O Indra, to our sacrifice. Drink of the soma, O soma-drinker; thine intoxication is that which gives us abundance of cows." "Come hither, O Indra, and intoxicate thyself." Indra was not believed to be capable of accomplishing any heroic deed unless he was intoxicated. For example, "When he (Indra) combated against the withholders of rain (Vritra), in his inebriation, the refreshing rain rushed down the declivity like rivers." "When Indra, animated by soma, destroyed the defences of Vala with the thunderbolt, as did Trita." Just as in one of the Hebrew psalms every verse ends with the words, "For His mercy endureth for ever," so in one hymn to Indra each verse concludes as follows: "In the intoxication which soma has caused him, see what Indra has accomplished." The account of his toping powers is in some cases ludicrous, for he is described as taking such copious draughts of soma that his inside becomes like a fish-pond, and it is made a merit in him that he is reeling drunk. From these quotations it is obvious that the Vedic people must have been well acquainted with the intoxicating power of soma-drink, or they would not have known what influence it would have upon their gods; and from the same source we may gather with equal certainty that they indulged freely in that beverage themselves. For they seem to have entertained no doubt that their gods were willing to join in their revels, and often invited them to come down and be partakers in their banquets. "Called by us, O Indra," they said, "sit down and intoxicate thyself with us, thy friends." They must have renewed old acquaintance amongst themselves, too, over what is called the social glass, for they treated their deities as hail-fellows-well-met, and invited them to do likewise. "Very old is your favour and your auspicious friendship," they said to one of their gods; "renewing again that auspicious friendship, may we now in your society intoxicate ourselves with soma." No mincing matters there!

Indeed, the quotation reminds one rather of the hymns of "the old Methystici, the easy and the free, in Dionysosaeus of the Hyperborean sea," than of the popular idea of the Vedas. "In one place," says Mr. Samuelson, "Indra is described with great circumstantiality as getting drunk with soma-drink mixed with milk early in the morning, a proof that the priests occasionally indulged in a matutinal sip," or nip. The modern soma is said to be a sort of bitters, "with some intoxicating properties." M. Haug, who has tried it, says he could only drink a few spoonfuls of it, but how many spoonfuls of any other bitters would M. Haug like to drink neat? Mr. Samuelson does not think that the modern bitter is the draught that Indra used to take before breakfast. While the early Aryans turn out to have been no better than other savages (which is precisely what we should have ventured to expect), it is fair to say that Manu made experiments in coercive legislation. He disregarded the strong political alliance of religion and drink:—

The laws of Manu contain a whole series of interdictions and penalties, but the selection of two or three examples must suffice, for some of them,

* *The History of Drink. A Review, Social, Scientific, and Political.* By J. Samuelson. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

although interesting as showing the depraved condition of mankind at that early period, are not fit for transcription into the pages of a popular work. "Any twice-born (that is, regenerated; man who has intentionally drunk the spirit of rice (sura) through perverse delusion of mind, may drink more spirit in flame and atone for his offence by severely burning his body."

Is Mr. Samuelson quite sure that "twice-born," in this and similar passages, means "regenerated"?

The later, the modern part of the *History of Drink* is much less amusing than that which deals with Fung, Indra, and the savages. Mr. Samuelson is in favour of the Bill "for permitting me, to prevent you, from having your glass of grog," as Lord Neaves lyrically puts it. He thus states what he believes to be the result of American experience:—

So far as entire prohibition is concerned, it has failed in the large towns, but has been successful in many small towns and country villages. In places where public opinion has demanded, or cordially supported, any form of repression or restriction, it has made the traffic disreputable: has removed temptation out of the way of those who would, if they could, control themselves, and has reduced the habitual, callous drunkard, as well as the man who supplies him, to the position of a law-breaker and a sneak. It has raised the whole moral tone of society and the material condition of the masses. The failure has been where the law has tried to force prohibition upon an unwilling community; the success where a reforming or reformed public opinion has found the law ready to aid it in enforcing sobriety for the benefit of all. In short, the legislation which has succeeded best in the United States is that which gives the option to localities to have liquor sold in their midst or not as they choose,—a "permissive legislation,"—and that has indeed been an inestimable boon to the citizens of the Great Republic.

Some people will deny that the moral tone of society is raised when the brewer, distiller, publican, and the rest are reduced to the position of law-breakers and sneaks. Permissive legislation in the matter of drink cannot well be discussed here. Mr. Samuelson's book is worth reading, for it is clear, fair in tone, and almost amusingly simple, though it is very far from being scientific.

ISLAM UNDER THE KHALIFS OF BAGHDAD.*

MAJOR OSBORN'S *Islam under the Khalifa of Baghdad* is the second of a trilogy which will form a complete history of the doctrines of the Mohammedan creed. In a list of authorities appended to the volume the author mentions a number of Arabic and Persian historical works, but it is easy to see that, although Mirkhond and one or two other Persian writers have been consulted here and there in the original, he has relied principally upon translations, especially upon some French and German ones which are far from trustworthy. This will account for many provoking mistakes and barbarous transliterations of proper names which disfigure the work, and are apt to engender a want of confidence on the part of the critical reader at the outset. But with all its faults we must admit that the book is an important and valuable addition to the literature of the subject, and that it gives a comprehensive and, in the main, an accurate account of the rise and development of Mohammedan doctrines, and one which will go far towards elucidating much that is generally misunderstood in the system. Nothing is more common than for people to consider Moslems of all nations as bound together by one common tie of fanaticism, or to treat the doctrines themselves as containing elements of political and social morality which, if inferior to those of Christianity, are yet capable of being made the basis of progress and reform. Major Osborn, by sternly and impartially setting forth the facts of the case, proves that both these conceptions are radically false; that there is, properly speaking, no solidarity in Islam at all, and that, if a Moslem community reform itself, it must be in spite, and not in consequence, of its faith.

Islam is a system of rites to be observed, not of acts of faith which unite peoples by a common sentiment. The Coran, as claiming to be the revealed word of God, is of course the first authority appealed to; but as this does not provide for all circumstances and cases, the *hadith*, or sayings traditionally referred to Mohammed, are taken as the great rule of life, and are regarded as direct revelations to the prophet, and as being stamped with divine authority, equally binding with that of the Coran itself. These "sayings" consist of minute directions for the ceremonial conduct of the true believer even in the most trivial circumstances of his daily life; they are evidently not the mere arbitrary utterances of one man, but rather an epitome of the barbarous etiquette of ancient Semitic society. When any question arose which neither the Coran nor the *Hadith* provided for, the early Mohammedans had recourse to analogical deductions from these authorities. During the rule of the first four Khalifs, who had been intimate friends of Mohammed, there was no difficulty, as their interpretation of the Prophet's will was readily accepted by their followers; but when, after the murder of Ali, the Khalifate passed into the hands of the Ommyades, who were the old Meccan aristocracy and had all their idolatrous tendencies, it became necessary to collect both the traditions and the analogical decisions that had been based upon them. These were subsequently systematized by Malik ibn Anas (A.D. 713-795) the founder of the Malikiyeh sect. Another school was that of Abu Hanifah, called after him the Hanefiyeh, which made but little use of the traditions, but based its decisions upon the interpretation of and deductions from the Coran itself. Abu Hanifah's doctrines prevailed extensively at Baghdad under the Khalifs of the House of Abbas, and his followers are even now the most

numerous of the four orthodox sects of Mohammedanism. The following quotation is sufficient to show the importance, especially at the present crisis, of rightly understanding the real nature of the doctrines of Islam:—

There is a verse in the second Sura which says, "God has created the whole earth for you." According to the Hanefite jurists this text is a deed of gift which annuls all other rights of property. The "you" means, of course, the true Believers; and the whole earth has been created for their use and benefit. The whole earth they classify under three heads:—(1) land which never had an owner; (2) land which had an owner, and has been abandoned; (3) the persons and property of the Infidels. From this third division the same legists deduce the legitimacy of slavery, piracy, and a state of perpetual war between the Faithful and the Unbelieving world.

The third great divine was the Imám es Sháfíy, founder of the Shafíite school; his system was eclectic, based on both that of Malek and that of Abu Hanifah, but leaning more to the historical than the inductive method. The fourth and last of the orthodox Imams was Ahmed ibn Hambal, whose teaching was a reaction against the deductive school, which had become too liberal in its views, the Aristotelian system having been introduced to modify and shape the Coranic theology. Where the Coran requires supplementing the Hambalites appeal exclusively to the text of the traditions.

These four sects, with their uncompromising, unchangeable dogmatism, form the Sunneh, or orthodox branch of the Mohammedan Church, and are the representatives of the purely Semitic element of the creed. When others than Arabs embraced Islam it was only natural that the foreign element should make its influence felt, and that men should emancipate themselves from the rigorous fetters of the *sunneh* and treat the narrow propositions of Unitarianism (as Moslems love to call their faith) from a more free-thinking stand-point; this was the origin of the Shiah sect.

We can hardly subscribe to Major Osborn's dictum that "the peculiar doctrines of the Alides, and the rising up of a body of free-thinkers even in the prison-house of Islam, are alike due to the influence of Eastern Christianity." No doubt the metaphysical controversies of the Eastern Christian Church did influence the formation of the new sect; but it was to political considerations that the schism was primarily due—to the natural antagonism between the Semitic and Aryan races, between Jew and Gentile; while the doctrines engrafted by the Shíahs upon Islam are almost exclusively the tenets of that paganism which has never yet been eradicated from the East, and which had its fullest expression in the Magian religion of Persia. From a strange confusion of these doctrines was developed that system of mystic theosophy which, under the various phases of the Ismaelite, Carmathian, Assassin, Sufi, and other sects, has held its own for so long amongst the non-Semitic nations professing Islam. From Eastern Christianity, mingled with Jewish Messianic beliefs on the one hand, and Indian avatar theories on the other, the Shíahs arrived at their notion of a second advent—of the appearance of El Mehdi, the last of the Imams who is to usher in the millennium, when the *sunneh*, the law, shall be abrogated, when "not only would prayers, fastings, and pilgrimages, cease to be performed, but every moral restriction which limited the passions and desires of men would be snapped asunder." "There can be no stronger testimony," Major Osborn proceeds to remark, "of the corrupting power and the hard hopeless bondage of the orthodox creed than that men should escape from it into a system which established falsehood as the supreme law of conduct, and regarded the reduction of men to the level of swine as the goal of human existence."

Nothing, indeed, can be more hopeless than Islam if carried out to its logical conclusion. The very perfection claimed for the system is an absolute bar to all reform; a Moslem's

inner, as his outer, life must work in prescribed grooves. And the consequence is that those faculties are starved to death by which alone the regenerative impulse can be given. . . . No Moslem can lift up his voice in condemnation of polygamy, slavery, murder, religious war, and religious persecution, without condemning the Prophet himself, and being cut off from the body of the Faithful.

The Moslem may concede to the prejudices of the Gíaur, and institute so-called reforms, or even set up a seemingly liberal constitution; but at heart he must, and does, remain the same as ever.

After dealing with the purely doctrinal development of Islam, of which the foregoing is but a very brief and meagre summary, the author proceeds to treat of the historic incidents which accompanied this development. The Arabs had overthrown the Sasanian Empire of Persia; but the Dihkans, the native landed aristocracy, while they embraced Mohammedanism to save their estates from confiscation, yet preserved their influence. Through their superior intelligence and administrative ability, too, these *Ajam*, "barbarians," as their conquerors called them, contrived to retain in their own hands the management of the taxes and all the more important offices of State. When the House of Ommyaiyeh fell, and the Abbasside Khalifs succeeded them upon the throne of Baghdad, thanks to Persian support, the new Khalifs surrounded themselves with Persian officers and counsellors. Under the rule of a Persian Vizier in the reign of El Mehdi, the heretics took heart of grace, and openly scoffed at the prayers and ceremonies of the true believers:—

If they saw a number of the Faithful drawn up in a line to repeat prayers, they derided them as "a string of camels"; when they prostrated themselves, they inquired if it was a decorous custom to exhibit their hinder parts to God. Even the sacred soil of Mekka was profaned by the sound of their audacious impieties. When the crowds were making the seven revolutions round the house of God, "What do you hope," it was

* *Islam under the Khalifs of Baghdad*. By R. Durie Osborn. London: Seeley & Jackson. 1878.

sarcastically asked, "to find in that house?" When the pilgrims were running between the two sacred hills, Safa and Merwan, it was the same. "Have these men committed theft," was the mocking inquiry, "that they run so?"

But the Persians began to obtain a firm political footing in Islam. The Khalifs, immersed in debauchery and luxury, were content with the name and occasional private and personal exercise of irresponsible authority, while the real burden of the State, as the name implies, fell upon the Vizier—"the burden bearer." This important office was entrusted under El Mansur to one Khalid, son of Barmek, the representative of an influential Persian family, and once the hereditary guardian of the sacred fire of the Magi. Held upon an uncertain tenure, it being dependent upon the caprice of the Khalif, Khalid retained the office during his life, and transmitted it to his son Yahya, who was the virtual ruler of the empire. His sons Jafer and El Fadhl became the intimate friends and companions of El Mansur's son and successor, the famous Haroun el Rashid, and the family were paramount in power and possessed of incalculable riches. In the very height of their fortune, however, the Arab and anti-Persian faction contrived to arouse the pride and vindictive jealousy of the Khalif; Jafer was beheaded, and his father and brother left to die in prison. This tragic history, though unfortunately not an uncommon one in Oriental annals, has in it incidents of exceptional pathos and romance. The loss thus sustained by the Khalifate in the death and disgrace of its most able officers was irreparable, for the Arab party comprised no men of sufficient ability to take the place of the fallen Persians.

The fall of the Barmecide family entailed other disastrous consequences. Haroun el Rashid had two sons, one Mamun by a Persian mother, and the other Emin by an Arab wife. In the vain hope of reconciling the Persian and Arab factions, he had left his empire to be divided between the two sons—Mamun to have the Eastern provinces where the Persian element predominated, and Emin to have Irak, Syria, Egypt, and Northern Africa; the capital of the Persian empire to be fixed at Merou, and that of the Arab at Baghdad. A fatal proviso was attached to this arrangement—namely, that if one of the brothers died the Khalifate should be again consolidated under the survivor. As might have been expected, this led to a protracted civil war:—

The death of the Khalif was the signal for internal discord. The division of the Mohammedan empire into an Arabic and Persian Kingdom brought about the very result it was intended to avert. It clearly defined and gave cohesion to the two conflicting parties; and the instinct of self-preservation hurried on a collision. For the unwise stipulation that, on the demise of either Emin or Mamun, the survivor should succeed to the sovereignty of his dominions, opened a future of gloom and uncertainty to Arab and Persian alike. To the Arab there was the chance of Persian—to the Persian that of Arabian ascendancy; and it became a matter of primary importance to the party leaders on either side to secure their position by the deposition of either Emin or Mamoun.

The struggle was at length brought to an end by the sacking of Baghdad and the capture and murder of Emin. An attempt to unite the rival houses of Abbas and Ali by appointing a member of the latter family as Mamun's successor mortally offended the Abbasside party, and Ibrahim, a son of the Khalif Mehdi, was set up as a rival Khalif; but after two years Mamun settled the difficulty by the usual Oriental expedients of murder and treachery, and became undisputed sole sovereign of Asiatic Islam. As soon as he was firmly established on the throne, the heretical and rationalistic ideas again began to prevail, supported as they were by the now paramount Persian interest. The most startling of these was the denial that the Coran was eternal, and the assertion that it was created. This was extremely shocking to true believers, who, then as now, saw nothing illogical in regarding as eternal and uncreated a work which is chiefly composed of pretended histories of created beings. Certainly, if anything could have thrown this rationalism into disrepute, it would have been the character of its professors:—

The chief Kadi of the Court, Yahya 'bn Aktham, was a man notorious through all Irak for the obscenity of his conversation and the loathsomeness of his vices. Abou Nuwas, the favourite Court poet, was a scoffer at religion and a man of dissolute life. "Multiply thy sins to the utmost," he said in one of his poems, "for thou art to meet an indulgent Lord. When thou comest before Him . . . Thou wilt gnaw thy hands with regret for the pleasures which thou hast avoided through fear of hell." An extreme licence of manners prevailed in Baghdad. The very mosques were "rat-traps, set by Satan, which caught men." They were places of assignation.

The graphic account which Major Osborn gives of the immorality of the Court of Baghdad, and of which we are obliged to omit all description, reads as if it were told of the oligarchy of Turkish pashas at the present day.

But, though morals were at so low an ebb, the dominance of Persian civilization over Semitic barbarism produced its effect, and in intellectual activity this period was the most glorious in the annals of Islam. Political disabilities were removed, brilliant scholars of the Byzantine Empire were encouraged and patronized by the Khalif, and translations were made into Arabic of all the most important Greek and Indian works on history, science, and philosophy. After Mamun's time the ridiculous trifling of the schoolmen again came into favour, and the propositions which occupied the attention of theologians were such questions as whether the throne of Allah was infinitely vast or infinitely minute, and whether he had the anthropomorphic requisites for sitting on it. The attempts of the rationalists to reform Islam had failed for many reasons. They had to appeal to the Coran as the only acknowledged authority, and their arguments consequently

moved in one vicious circle; but the chief reason of their failure was that they were not sincere reformers at all, and never wished or intended to get rid of the real defects of the system, polygamy, concubinage, slavery, despotism, and the like, which indeed are inseparable from the existence of Islam. Major Osborn's book shows but too plainly that if at any time the annals of a Mohammedan country exhibit external order and prosperity, it is only when the fundamental principles of Islam are in abeyance.

In the last of the three parts into which the book is divided the author deals with the decline of the Khalifate, commencing with a description—which possesses now a special interest—of the origin of the Turkish people. In this he has committed some sins of omission as well as sins of commission, but the main facts are correct, and the account conveys a good idea of a little known phase of history. It was Mamun who introduced this troublesome element into Mohammedan affairs. Menaced by the rival Arab and Persian factions he conceived the idea of supporting his authority by the constitution of a Turkish bodyguard, and his brother, El Mutasim, increased the number to seventy thousand men. The new mercenaries behaved as Turkish irregulars always do, and committed such atrocities in Baghdad that they alienated the loyalty of the people of that city from the Khalif and compelled him to build a new town for himself called Samarra, where he resided and became a mere puppet in the hands of his foreign soldiery. These soon extended their authority and became virtual rulers of the Moslem world, deposing, murdering, or setting up Khalifs at their own pleasure and as suited their interests. The Khalifs themselves became degraded and brutalized, and a frightful corruption of morality prevailed in all classes of society. At length the Hambalite or Puritanical party endeavoured to mend things by reaction; and, sternly forbidding indulgence in wine, music, or indeed any amusement or pleasure, added gloom to the oppression. Unable to endure this state of things any longer, the citizens of Baghdad applied to Ahmad ibn Bowaih, who then ruled at Ahwaz, and who took possession of the capital in A.D. 945, where he and the princes of his house reigned for about a century, when they gave way to Toghril Beg. On the accession of Ahmed under the style and title of Sultan, the Khalif was forced to make a formal renunciation of the temporal power of the Khalifate. Major Osborn gives a clear and concise sketch of what the office of Khalif really was, as well as of the nature and duties of the vizier, whose office has only lately been abolished.

In the tenth century another branch of the Tartar race who were resident beyond the Oxus and had become Moslems, being compelled by Mahmud of Ghaznee to pass the river and settle in the waste lands of Khorassan, soon began to overrun Persia. These were the Seljukians, so called from their leader Seljuk; Masud, son and successor of the Ghaznavite conqueror, endeavoured to drive them back, but was overwhelmed by superior numbers. On the site of their victory the Seljukians elected as their sovereign Toghril Beg, who, being subsequently called to Baghdad to protect the Khalif against his Bouide protectors, entered the city, and was solemnly proclaimed Sultan. Under his successors, Alp Arslan and Malek Shah, the Arabian Empire of Islam was entirely replaced by Turkish rule. When, on the death of Malek Shah, the Seljuk rule was broken up, the provinces were partitioned amongst the Turkish chiefs. All these events are told by Major Osborn in an interesting and intelligible form; but the history of the temporal power is always made subservient to and illustrative of that of the religious development. The book concludes with an account of the rise and fall of the sect of Assassins, and of the Mongol invasion of Central Asia under Jenghiz Khan and his successors, ending with a graphic description of the fall of Baghdad and the murder of the Khalif by the bloodthirsty Houlakoo Khan. In the account of the Assassins the author treats this remarkable sect rather as a schism from Islam than what it really was, a phase of that old paganism which has never died out in the East, and which exists even at the present day, notably in such sects as the Druze and Nuseiriyeh. As a history of the development of the doctrines of Islam Major Osborn's book may be said to stand alone, and possesses a great and exceptional interest. Faults and omissions of detail there undoubtedly are, but they are insignificant compared with the correct and comprehensive view which the author has taken of his subject as a whole.

CRUEL LONDON.*

IT is not so much the cruelty of London as its silliness that is brought before us as we read such a work as this. Mr. Hatton must have readers, for in the title-page of the story before us he announces himself as the author of five novels which he names, and of an unknown number of others, which he includes under an " &c." Yet it is hard to believe that, foolish as novel-readers only too commonly are, there can be any quite so foolish as of their own free will to go through three such volumes as these that we have just laid down with a feeling of disgust, of weariness, and yet of relief. The depths of folly which so many of our writers have at last managed to reach were not gained by the

* *Cruel London.* A Novel. By Joseph Hatton, Author of "Clitje," "The Queen of Bohemia," "The Valley of Poppies," "Christopher Kenrick," "In the Lap of Fortune," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1878.

single efforts of any one writer. Year after year our novelists have become more daring in the liberties that they venture to take with the understandings of the public. Twenty years ago no one knew how very large is the class of silly readers, and how unbounded is their folly. There were indeed, as there have been at all times, silly stories written; but a certain degree of moderation was observed. A writer did his best to hide the fact that what he wrote was nonsense. But now the mask has been thrown away, and fools in the most open manner imaginable are supplied with folly. It may be the case that the younger writers themselves are not old enough to remember the time when it was at all events expected that, if a man wrote at all, he should at least attempt to write sense. Where this is the case, we should perhaps give our pity rather than our blame. Such authors have been born into the world at a bad time, and their faults, to a great extent, are but the faults of the age to which they happen to belong.

Mr. Hatton may perhaps be able to plead his comparative youthfulness and his inexperience in defence of the follies into which he has fallen, and into which, in his fall, he drags his reader after him. He may be able to say that never in his memory has it been required of a novelist that he should write sense, and that he does not really think that his nonsense is any worse than the nonsense of a score of his fellow-writers. We are not, indeed, prepared to assert that we have not read other stories which quite as much outrage common sense as *Cruel London*, but we are sure that we never before came across a story which managed to join folly with dulness to a greater extent. Miss Braddon, for instance, never troubles herself about the understanding of her readers. She boldly assumes that they have none. But then, so far as the plot of her story is concerned, she often contrives to avoid being dull. Now *Cruel London* is both silly and dull. The author is not indeed sparing of those incidents and those characters that are commonly supposed to give liveliness to a story. He deals in scoundrels of all kinds, and keeps his reader in the worst possible company. But, in spite of his swindlers, his thieves, and his murderers, his book is as tedious as if it were a tract in three volumes. There is no extravagance at which he sticks; but, though he is as willing to cut as many capers as ever did Don Quixote in his penance in the sable mountain, yet he does not once succeed in being either amusing or interesting. For not one of his characters had we the slightest care, and we could with equal indifference have seen them one or all in the last chapter either married or hanged.

The foundation of the story is a most monstrous and absurd will. A Lincolnshire farmer who had amassed a large fortune had at first intended to leave all his property to his niece, Jane Crosby, the heroine, on condition that she married John Kerman, the hero. In drawing up the will he had employed his distant cousin, Jeremiah Sleaford, a London solicitor. This worthy had substituted his own son's name for that of Kerman. The farmer found out the trick that had been played him and thereupon made a second will. In this he showed his sense of the wrong that Sleaford had attempted to do him by merely leaving him the beggarly sum of ten thousand pounds, for beggarly it is when compared with the amounts in which Mr. Hatton's characters generally deal. It must not be supposed that Mr. Sleaford had any claim of any kind upon the farmer. So distant was the relationship between them that they did not even know what precise degree of cousinhood it was. They had only once met for years. The farmer was a close-fisted, stern man, who bullied all those about him and made money. If any one could be such a fool as to leave ten thousand pounds to a solicitor merely because he had tried to cheat him, certainly such a man as this was of all men the least likely to do so. But Mr. Hatton deals not with probabilities. His story, as he tells us, "has been dramatized and duly protected as a stage play." No doubt he has had an eye to the gods in the gallery, who are never more delighted than when a will is opened on the stage in which every bequest is the very opposite of that which might have been naturally expected. This is not the only surprise provided in this wonderful will. To the niece nothing is left but a black box, while he "gives, devises, and bequeaths all his other real and personal estate" to Kerman. Matters do not turn out quite so badly for the niece as at first sight seemed, for in the false bottom of the box were deeds to various kinds of property that were worth thirty thousand pounds. Kerman goes up to London, and falls into the hands of a band of plunderers. In two years he is a ruined man; but the heroine, of whom nothing has been heard since the will was read, turns up in the very nick of time with some most important information about the horses that are going to run in the St. Leger. This she had got from the old family solicitor. We do not pretend to that knowledge of the racing world which will enable us to describe with any accuracy in our own words the step she took. She shall speak for herself. We must first state that Kerman had staked some vast sum, we forget the exact number of thousands, on a horse that, as she had learnt, was on the point of being "scratched":—

I went and hedged the money myself, backed the Duke at ten to one, and at five to four for a place, deposited thirty thousand pounds in the bank, and took the bank-manager with me to the agent, to show that I was good for the money.

In the next chapter Kerman made out a deed of gift of ten thousand pounds to be paid to the daughter of Sleaford, the wicked solicitor, on her marriage, and then he started

almost penniless to America. Why he gave this money we scarcely know; but in this story ten thousand pounds would seem to be the lowest sum that any one with any self-respect can think of giving. After all, such a sum is a mere trifle to such a man. He goes to America, discovers a gold mine, and in a year or two "John Kerman, despised of time-serving clubmen, the vulgar hero of Doncaster and Fitzroy Square, was rich as the richest of the Rothschilds." He and his partner place in a London bank one million sterling to the credit of their joint account, and five hundred thousand to their several private accounts. They still retained their shares in the gold mine, which, it was thought, might yield them fifty thousand dollars a week. No wonder they begin to scatter money with a lavish hand. Decker, Kerman's partner, wanted the services of a spy. The man recommended to him was willing to serve him, but objected to the name of spy. Decker opened a drawer in his safe that was full of sovereigns, another that was full of notes, and a third "that flashed the radiance of diamonds." "I will be your slave," the man at once said:—

"I want," continued Decker, "a shrewd, clever, unscrupulous man, gentlemanly in style, accustomed to all societies, to all countries—a keen, shrewd person, who has had experience of criminals of all classes, from the king on his throne who declares an unholy war, to the common thief who picks a pocket; I want such a man to be my slave, to hunt for me in human hives, to track down a thief and lay him bound at my feet. Such a man can count upon the highest pay that spy or agent ever received from king or commoner."

The spy modestly asked for four hundred pounds a month. "Make it eight," said Decker, who at once paid two thousand pounds in to his credit at his bank. Everything is done by him in the same magnificent style. He takes a house, and he has a drawing-room "panelled in quilted satin, and furnished in ebony and gold. They passed through corridors lined with costly paintings." But, wealthy though Decker was, yet he was not happy. He had to avenge the cruel wrongs of a lady who, when she enters the story, brings with her "the web of romance's silken threads" to complete "the woof of the lives whose destinies are growing under our eyes." He is himself dying of consumption, but he determines that the villain shall die first. This latter gentleman turns out to be no other than Sleaford's son. Decker exclaims, "O bitter, cruel, lustful ruffian! Tristram Decker is on thy track. His golden shafts shall reach thy black craven heart—selfish, lying, cowardly thief!" Accordingly he purchases from a physician the secret of poisoning a man in such a way that no suspicion shall be aroused, and he then despatches his enemy. The poison acts so slowly that he has time to address his dying victim in four or five pages of print. He does not outlive him long. His death causes "heartfelt and bitter mourning in two households." But, as Mr. Hatton remarks, "it has been ordained that the human mind shall accustom itself to the visits of death, and see in them the removal of loved ones to a better land. It is a comforting and holy philosophy that almost finds an earthly pleasure in contemplating the joys of a future state." It is a pity that he should not have found some one a little better than a murderer, even though he was as rich as the richest of the Rothschilds, over whom to utter these pious and philosophical reflections. But Mr. Hatton had reached the end of his story, and felt, no doubt, that the time for moralizing had come. He had married his hero and his heroine, and had settled them down for a long and happy life. He had no one on hand whom he could with convenience kill off except the villain and the man who was to be the villain's murderer. What could he do? The villain was clearly too bad for even the most hopeful piety and the most indulgent philosophy. But was the reader to be cheated of a pious conclusion? That would be contrary to all the rules of a novel of such a kind as this. Mr. Hatton on the very next page to that in which the murder is completed kills off the murderer, and so gets a dead body over which he can pose as a preacher. But we must protest against one most serious act of forgetfulness on his part. He was in such a hurry to bring out his pious and philosophical reflection, that he actually forgot to make his sinner repent. We trust that he will remedy this defect in his "Stage Play," and will afford the gallery the striking lesson that may be derived from the death-bed of a murderer and a millionaire.

RELIGIOUS STRIFE IN BRITISH HISTORY.*

MR. CANNING'S book is a very long sermon on a very old text—the blameworthy contrast between Christian moral doctrine and the actual life of Christians. In one respect it is not unlike the majority of didactic exhortations which are delivered from the pulpit, for it tells the persons to whom it is addressed nothing whatever with which they are not already familiar. In another respect, however, it is less like an ordinary sermon, for Mr. Canning does not soar away into the ethical vague, but honestly attempts to confirm his doctrine by a citation of historical evidences in chronological order. He unrolls a chronicle of the "Religious Strife" which has been so important an element in "British History." As religious strife, especially since the Reformation, has apparently been the "backbone" of British history, the relation of that history would fall into an utterly invertebrate heap of confused matter if the spinal column of religious strife were removed from it. Hence Mr. Canning has been obliged to com-

* *Religious Strife in British History*. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1878.

pile a fresh summary of the entire politico-ecclesiastical history of Great Britain from the reign of Henry VIII. to the suicide of Theobald Wolfe Tone. He has not had the daring originality to sketch out for us a conjectural picture of the calm and even flow which the stream of British history might have taken if the disturbing force of religious strife had never found a way into it. The sum of Mr. Canning's researches, which is diligently restated by him at every fourth or fifth page, must be expressed in his own words:—

Not only did the furious disputes between Roman Catholics and Reformers obliterate all signs of Christianity in their conduct to each other, but even the disputes among Protestant divisions were often carried on both in language and conduct utterly opposed to the spirit of Christianity.

This fact, which nobody can deny, appears to have dawned upon the inquiring mind of Mr. Canning in all the splendour and wonder of a new discovery. In that stage of his existence which preceded his present illuminated condition he seems to have imagined that the nation was divided into two rival camps, and that all the wise and good men were enlisted on one side, and all the bad and foolish men on the other. At some hour, ever to be remembered, he began to read Lord Macaulay, Hallam, Mr. Froude's *History of Henry VIII.*, or Cassell's *History of England*. He was astounded by the unexpected revelation that some good and wise men had fought on each side. The discovery was so momentous to himself, and effected such a liberating and consoling alteration in his tone of mind and way of viewing things, that he felt bound to seize his pen at once and communicate his amazing discovery to his fellow-countrymen, the majority of whom he supposed to be still living in that darkness from which he had escaped. Ever since his conversion, like some other persons who think they have made an almost solitary passage from darkness to light, he has fallen into a habit of distinguishing himself from the unenlightened by noble titles. He invariably speaks of himself throughout his work as "the impartial historical student" (p. 8), "the attentive student of Christian history" (p. 10), "the impartial student of history" (p. 20), "the impartial student of Scottish history" (p. 152). It is evident from these titles that the two endowments which in his own estimation eminently qualify Mr. Canning for his high moral task are his impartiality and the range and profundity of his historical studies. We most readily bear witness to his unaffected impartiality. Whether he chronicles the evil deeds of triumphant Papists over prostrate Protestants, or the persecution of defeated Roman Catholics by victorious Anglicans, or the hard measure dealt by conquering Presbyterians to various rival religionists, the author is always studiously fair all round. A hasty reader might imagine that Mr. Canning is more partial to Scotchmen than to Englishmen, and more partial to Irishmen than to either; but no doubt a little explanation would remove the suspicion. We regret that we cannot speak so favourably of the other qualification on which he bases his title to be our instructor. We need scarcely pause to observe that a partial and interested student of history may be a profounder student, and more serviceable to other students, than an impartial one. It is often the very partiality of some student which makes him discontented with the customary classical histories in his own library, or with the last new history on Mr. Mudie's shelves, and which drives him to probe critically for himself amongst the unread masses of contemporary material out of which the histories which satisfy Mr. Canning are professedly constructed, or by which their statements may be verified or controverted. It might be a new revelation to the author of *Religious Strife in British History*, and a most instructive one, if he could behold how much of his own easily acquired impartiality is due to the impassioned partiality of more penetrating and laborious students of history. To excessively partial Baptist students we owe the publications of the Hansard Knollys Society; to excessively partial Presbyterian students we owe the Autobiography and Diary of James Melville, and the other publications of the Wodrow Society; to excessively partial Anglican students we owe the Zürich Letters and the other volumes of the Parker Society; to excessively partial Roman Catholic students we owe a number of recent diaries and memoirs which throw fresh light for the impartial student upon the history of the English Reformation. But, quite apart from his partiality or his impartiality, we think that Mr. Canning claims too much when he calls himself the student of history. History may mean that which has happened; or it may mean a more or less exactly ordered relation of that which has happened—an attempt of the inquirer or the partisan to set forth in writing the origin and processes, the instruments and operation, the matter and form of a connected series of historical phenomena. Mr. Canning is not so much a student of history as a reader of historians. We cannot even call him a student of historians; he has glanced at British history through some of its popular historians, and through very few of these. He does not pretend to have examined the subject-matter of his demonstration at first hand; but he has turned in all cases, and he directs his readers, to a small collection of "works referred to," which are catalogued in the two first pages of his book. His impartial and extensive knowledge of religious strife in British history is professedly the result of the perusal of exactly forty-five books. Many of these, as we think, were oddly chosen for such a purpose. For instance, "D'Israeli (Isaac), *Curiosities of Literature*," "Johnson (Dr. Samuel), *Life of Milton*," "Milman (Dean), *History of Latin Christianity*," "Stanley (Dean), *History of the Eastern Church*," "Newman (Dr.), *Development of Christian Doctrine*," "Whately (Archbishop), *Annotations*," "Dryden

(John), *Poetical Works*," constitute a sixth part of the entire historical and British apparatus which Mr. Canning has employed. We are strongly tempted to reproduce his catalogue exactly as it stands, for we think that the mere sight of it would throw a light upon the author's matter and method which would spare many an inquirer the trouble of looking further into his book. The titles in some cases are vague, incorrect, or insufficient; such as "Baxter (Richard), *Memoirs*," "Froude, *History of Henry VIII.*," "Scott (Sir Walter), *Waverley Novels*," "Cassell, *History of England*." Mr. Canning does not refer us to any particular edition, and he never deigns to indicate the page of a quotation. Some of the "works referred to" are only once quoted. Dryden owes his place to a solitary excerpt from the *Hind and Panther*, and Archbishop Whately is merely called upon to contribute three lines.

The book has an element of truth running through it which gives it a certain unity and the force of a successful demonstration; but when the matter of his work is examined in detail it exhibits the same marks of haste and incompleteness which characterize its form. It is like an essay compiled for a debating club, which an impartial critic might declare to be useful and respectable if he knew that it was fated to be laid on a shelf or put behind the fire as soon as it had done its merely temporary duty. Mr. Canning, after the manner of such essayists, does not learn first and write when his learning is completed; he learns and writes together; hence he is sometimes obliged to correct or qualify by a footnote some hasty generalization which he has advanced in the text. It is true that he is sufficiently prudent to avoid committing himself by producing any great number of such generalizations. It is rather a rule with him to avoid uttering any definitive personal judgment. His dependence upon some popular writer, usually upon Macaulay, who is quoted, at the least, in every third page, is at once servile and amusing. As each new actor or event comes forward in chronological order for Mr. Canning's treatment, he tells us what "Mr. Froude observes," or what "Hallam says," or what "Macaulay states," or what "Hume remarks." We naturally expect that our instructor will sum up the conflicting opinions, criticize them, and adjudicate. But we almost invariably find that he is too modestly reticent to observe, say, state, or remark anything for himself. Perhaps this is why he calls himself the impartial student of history. Mr. Canning is a sort of mosaic worker who is not in possession of a very wide selection of shades and pieces. The figure of Archbishop Laud ought to occupy a prominent place in a picture of religious strife in British history; but Mr. Canning had only at hand four fragments out of which to construct it—an assertion of Lord Macaulay, that he was a "ridiculous bigot"; a line from Cassell's *Popular History of England*; and an "admission of the Royalist and Episcopal historian, Lord Clarendon." We can hardly suppose that the author takes Lord Clarendon to have been a bishop. He might have avoided the slipshod carelessness of his adjectives, either by rightly calling him episcopalian as well as "royalist," or even by calling him royal as well as "episcopal." The citation of a few lines from Clarendon's character of Laud, as a statement which Clarendon "admits," is quite in Mr. Canning's manner. He occasionally drags each of his authorities forward, exactly as if they were witnesses who were endeavouring to keep back the evidence which his case requires, and compels a whole company of deeply-prejudiced Balaams, such as Hallam, Guizot, Burnet, Macaulay, and "the late Lord Mahon," to bless the cause which they are passionately longing to curse. Thus in page 89, "even Mr. Hallam, a sincere and impartial Protestant, admits"; in page 128, "even Bishop Burnet admits" something in favour of Cromwell; in page 186 we find Hallam and Guizot combined in "fully admitting" that the hatred of Protestant sects against each other almost equalled their hatred of the Roman Catholic Church, which Mr. Canning takes to be "a remarkable fact"; in page 190 "Lord Macaulay admits" that the prejudice and superstition of the Covenanters "may yet linger in a few obscure farm-houses"; in page 226, "the late Lord Mahon, though an anti-Jacobite, admits" that the Duke of Cumberland was very cruel to the defeated Jacobites. It is hardly necessary to say that none of the historians cited after this forensic manner by Mr. Canning had the slightest conception, in either of the instances which he cites, that they were in the position of unwilling witnesses, subjected to the keen cross-examination of the impartial student of history, who is able to compel them to yield up the evidence which they would gladly keep back. All the witnesses brought forward by this remorseless and impartial pleader, except Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Froude, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Green, are dead. If they were still living we should expect them to complain of the manner in which Mr. Canning compels them to render service to his case. The late M. Guizot is continually quoted as the author of *The History of Civilization*; he certainly wrote the *Histoire de la civilisation en Europe*, and also the *Histoire générale de la civilisation en France*; but as Mr. Canning never refers to page or edition, we cannot tell from which he quotes. It is too bad to father upon Isaac D'Israeli the following absurd statement about the Independents in the time of Cromwell:—"They were nominally ardent Republicans, and according to one eminent writer [Isaac D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature*], somewhat resembled the French Communists of more recent times; but they were comparatively unknown in England till the reign of Charles I., and after the death of Cromwell they apparently diminished in numbers, and never even attempted to regain political influence." Almost every clause in this wonderful sentence is absurd and untrue. The Independents in Cromwell's time were the most refined and scholarly of all the

sects; they were constantly accused by their Presbyterian and Quaker enemies of being special adulators of the nobility and gentry; the leading Independent, Dr. John Owen, was Vice-Chancellor of Oxford; he outlived the Restoration, and sixty noblemen followed his funeral. They were scarcely known by the name of Independents before the appearance of the "Five Brethren" in the Westminster Assembly; but under the name of Brownists they were sufficiently numerous in the reign of Elizabeth. On the 4th April, 1553, Sir Walter Raleigh said in the House of Commons, "I am afraid there are near twenty thousand of them in England." Instead of diminishing after the death of Cromwell, they gradually increased until they outnumbered the originally far more numerous Presbyterians. Instead of never attempting to regain political influence, they have long exercised a greater influence upon English politics than all other Protestant sects together; and whether or not it be true that Dissent is the backbone of the Liberal party, it is certainly true that Independency has long been the backbone of Dissent. An Independent minister is almost an *ex officio* Liberator. While Mr. Canning produces no authority for his most novel and extraordinary statements, he is careful never to advance a statement which everybody knows to be true without producing a confirmatory witness. He calls forward Canon Farrar to assure us that "educated devout Jews, who adhere to their ancient faith, and persistently reject the Christian Gospel, now regard Jesus with more respect than at any former period." This is as valuable as that spasmodic jet of information jerked out by Mr. F.'s aunt, "There's milestones on the Dover Road." When he stands alone his judgment is frequently expressed with a tentative and modest hesitation which he may possibly take to be impartiality—as, for instance, when he gravely informs us that the "peculiar religious opinions of Hume seem more those of a Deist than anything else."

TWO BOOKS ON EGYPT.*

THE interest in Egypt may possibly diminish to some extent, since it seems we are to be content with the island over against the mouths of the Nile. We shall probably in the next few years have as many books about Cyprus as we have now about Egypt. It is to be hoped, however, that if the quantity is to be so great the quality may improve. No one can tell who has not specially sought it out what rubbish has been published, and, presumably, sold, about the ancient Egyptians and their doings. We lately met with a tract entitled a "Section of the Interior of the Great Pyramid, Showing that its Passages are Not Chronological, or Not as Taught in the So-called Time Passage Theory." What on earth this meant even a careful examination of the pamphlet failed to explain. There are, it seems, "numerous marks in the pyramid which have no corresponding events in history"; to this there can be no objection; but are there marks which correspond to events other than those connected with the existence of the building itself? It would seem that there are not, for our authority goes on to show that the chronological theory is based on slight and inaccurate data, that it is inexact and incapable of proof, both from the events in history of the character supposed to be marked, and also from the number of striking points to which no events have been attached. That such a theory as the "time passage theory" should require refutation, that it should even be seriously designated a theory and not the wild dream of a set of crazy enthusiasts, is one of the strangest facts of the day. Even Mormonism is reasonable beside a religion which stands or falls by the "time passage theory." Yet there are hundreds—perhaps it would be more correct to say thousands—among us who believe that of the seventy pyramids which the ancient kings of Egypt erected one was specially selected by Providence to teach the gospel to a later age, to preserve a system of measurement which, strange to say, it nowhere exhibits, and to conceal a knowledge which mankind in all ages would have been the better for learning. Why is the pyramid of Shoofoo selected? That of Sakkara is older, and differs in orientation. That of Abousee was better built. That of Maydoum is of a more remarkable shape. All these were probably in existence and many more when the Great Pyramid was placed among them. We can trace the growth of the pyramid from the *mastabah* and its decline to the *mastabah* again. The Great Pyramid is only one of many structures similarly built, all of which offer examples of the same materials, the same methods of construction, the same objects to be attained; and, if the "time passage theory" is true of one, it must be true of all, for in their main features they all agree.

A great deal, no doubt, of this absurdity must be placed to the credit, or discredit, of those English antiquaries who have written about "ancient Egypt," as if "ancient Egypt" always meant the same thing, and as if the arts, manners, religion, government, and literature were the same for a period which is reckoned by thousands of years, and under so many rulers that they are counted, not in reigns, but in dynasties. This is the fault of Mr. Bonwick's *Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought*—a crude compilation from all kinds of authorities whom he takes no pains either to reconcile or refute. The absence of an index renders such a gathering valueless to the inquiring student, while, though in some cases the best modern writers are cited, a great part of the

book is taken up with the speculations of the blind guides who wrote before hieroglyphics had been deciphered. The book begins with a chapter on the primitive religion of Egypt, followed by one on funeral rites. In this there is some attempt, but a very inadequate one, to distinguish between the tombs of the ancient, the middle, and the lower Empires, mainly derived from M. Mariette Bey. This is by far the most useful chapter in Mr. Bonwick's volume; yet even here there is such a mixture of details and authorities as to make it most puzzling to an ignorant reader. Of one branch of the subject we find no account. Why are the Pyramids uniformly entered from the north, and most other tombs from the east? A compilation like this would be the better for some kind of list by which we might discriminate between the two classes. The *Mastabat el Pharon* is open on the north, like a pyramid, and the curious but little known tombs at Maydoum on the east. The pyramid of Maydoum, which the Arabs call the False Pyramid, probably as much because they have not succeeded in entering it as because, according to their tradition, it is only a rock cased with masonry, has only, we believe, been attempted on the north. Yet the great mound of broken limestone on its eastern side would alone suggest, one might have thought, that the way in, for there must be some way in, lay underneath. Mr. Bonwick, however, carefully avoids such questions; he only records, for the hundredth time, the impressions of Herodotus, who, we are informed, "dearly loves a joke." His use of the technical terms of Egyptian science is very vague. He tells us, for example, that the name of the god Khem occurs "upon the cartouches of Cheops himself, both at the Great Pyramid and at the copper mines of Mount Sinai." But we never heard before of any cartouche of Shoofoo at the Great Pyramid, except the painted one in an upper chamber, which certainly, if it has been rightly spelled out, only contains the four signs forming the two consonants and two vowels of his name. The tablet relating to the temple of the Sphinx, now in the Boulak Museum, is not usually regarded as of contemporary origin; but its authority, such as it is, clearly tells against Mr. Bonwick's assertion. There is, no doubt, a second monogram containing a fifth character; but it is not the name of Khem, and the questions raised by it have nothing to do with the present one. Mr. Bonwick may mean by the word "cartouche" any inscription; but, if so, he should have explained, as he will be alone in such a use of the expression. We do not wish to lay too much stress upon this sentence alone; but it is, unfortunately, a sample of many similar slips into which we have not time to go. In another place we read that the cartouche of Snefrou was to be seen in Ptolemaic times; does this mean that it is not to be seen still in more than one inscription. Were we disposed to correct the press for Mr. Bonwick, it would occupy all our space, and he might not thank us. As it is, this is a much better book than *Pyramid Facts and Fancies*, his former compilation. Mr. Bonwick seems anxious to do for Egypt what Mr. Timbs used to do for London. It is a pity that he should imitate the carelessness of his prototype as well as his industry in collecting the ideas of previous writers. We do Mr. Bonwick no wrong in saying this, for in his preface he distinctly warns his reader that he has "no views of his own to propound." He only avows his intention of honestly seeking "to gather the facts of ancient religion." There is too much reference to old authorities rather than too little, and in some places the page reminds a reader of the "Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus" of the Groves of Blarney, so full is it of extracts from Montfaucon, Pliny, and other writers, whose opinion is worse than useless. If the older authors are too often the later investigators are too seldom quoted, and we have twice over the long exploded derivation of "Pharaoh" from an imaginary combination of the consonants of "Phara, the Sun."

It is pleasant to turn to Baedeker's English edition of the guide-book to *Lower Egypt*, published in German last year. The chief editor seems to have been Professor Ebers of Leipzig, and articles are included by Lepsius, Klunzinger, Schweinfurth, Franz Bey, and Dr. Birch. The information respecting Cairo and its environs is by Dr. Reil, who, as travellers in Egypt have good cause to know, has long resided at Helwan. The result of this combination of special and general knowledge is most satisfactory. The book is, in short, though this volume only relates to Lower Egypt, by far the fullest that has yet been published. Here we find no crude quotations from the contradictory guesses of ignorant writers. The history of Egypt is admirably condensed in a few pages, almost every fact in which will be new, or at least appear new, to the English reader. The different periods are carefully discriminated. There is no confusion, nor is any violent attempt made to reconcile popular theories of scriptural chronology with the unquestionable records of the stones; attempts which seem calculated, in the present state of our knowledge, to do more harm than good, and leave a result similar to that presented when two trains run into each other at a junction. To one sentence it may not be hypercritical to object. We are told, under the reign of Menephtah, that in the pursuit of the Hebrew emigrants "he perished ignominiously (Exod. xiv. 28)." We have no recollection that in Exodus the King of Egypt is mentioned as having perished. His horse is specially spoken of, and Menephtah may have had a narrow escape. But a careful examination of the chapter shows that the narrative is so worded as to except Pharaoh; though in an Chaldee Psalm he is, as by a figure, said to have been overwhelmed in the Red Sea. One curious fact of Egyptian history comes out with distinctness—namely, the profound peace in the midst of which the earliest civilization grew up. The king is represented not as a soldier, but a priest. He bears a crook to guide, a scourge

* Baedeker's *Lower Egypt*. London: Dulau. 1878.

Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought. By James Bonwick. London: Kegan Paul. 1878.

to punish, but there is no sword. In the hieroglyphs, which have sometimes been compared to the heraldry of Europe, the emblems are peaceful. We have no lions rampant, no shields, no weapons of war. A basket denotes a master, which reminds us of the derivation usually given of our English word "Lord," the loaf-word, or provider of bread. An onion and a bee denote the upper and lower countries. A sceptre means authority; an ostrich feather, justice; the Nilometer, steadfastness. The great works of the early Pharaohs could only have been carried out at a period of profound peace. It would almost seem as if the Egyptian race awoke to national life while all around it were sunk in a barbarism level with that of the brutes. The pyramids may have cost the lives of many workmen, and we are in the habit of speaking as if no more wicked and foolish labour was ever imposed on a people by its tyrants, quoting the ideas of Herodotus. But, in truth, the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte were far more wasteful; greater works than any in Egypt might have been done in France by the hundreds of thousands who perished at his bidding, and left nothing, not even a pyramid, behind. This curious picture of a reign of peace is reflected from the walls of every ancient monument. "We find"—says the writer of the exhaustive chapter on the ancient art—"we find that the Egyptians of the remotest traceable period must have been a cheerful and contented people, free from that taste for the mystic and the symbolical which afterwards characterized all their exertions in the sphere of art, and endowed with a love of life and nature which they zealously manifested in the earliest products of their imagination." There is something irresistibly fascinating in this department of Egyptian study, and the present work will do more to enable travellers and students to peer into the secrets of that dim and distant age than any other yet published.

THE PRINCESS OF EBOLI.*

THE fair fame of Anne de Mendoza, Princess of Eboli, whose name and supposed sins one of the best-known tragedies of modern literature has made familiar to thousands who are neither acquainted with nor probably desirous of becoming acquainted with her true history, is tarnished beyond all cure. On the other hand, even a patriotic Spaniard, in seeking to free from a supremely shameful blot the memory of King Philip II.—a sovereign whose private life had no pretensions to purity, and whose public acts were rarely dignified by nobility of conduct, whatever may have been the elevation of their purpose—is aware that he is at the best performing a thankless duty. The names of the Princess of Eboli and of King Philip are alike connected, and to the ineffaceable shame of either, with a third name—that of Antonio Perez, whose paramour she was as certainly as the King was first his accomplice in murder and afterwards his unrelenting persecutor. On these heads no doubt exists, and it was avowedly very far from the intention of the judicious author of the monograph before us to come forward as a rehabilitator of what cannot be rehabilitated. But a belief—strengthened in more recent times by the popularly effective sanction of poetic fiction, and supported by the testimony or insinuations of Antonio Perez himself—has long and widely prevailed, that King Philip was likewise a lover of the Princess, and that it was her coldness towards him which he sought to avenge upon the more favoured secretary. Of this belief M. Muro's monograph seeks to demonstrate the groundlessness; and though the difficulty of proving a negative has prevented the successful refutation of many a lying scandal, and will never be surmounted so long as there remain people who like to think ill of their fellow-creatures, yet our sympathy is not the less due to a single-minded endeavour on behalf of historic truth, in whose service a complete victory is so rarely achieved. M. Muro's learning and industry, of which his very conscientiousness obliges him to make considerable display, are fully equalled by his modesty; but he must be said to have rather dearly purchased the honour of prefacing his disquisition by a letter, ample in form, and certainly in many respects highly interesting in matter, from so distinguished a personage as M. Canovas del Castillo, when that letter is found to contain a very courteous but perfectly explicit avowal that on the main point at issue the eminent statesman continues to differ from his friend the historian. Inasmuch, moreover, as two of the foremost authorities on the period in question had expressed directly opposite opinions on the same point, the attempt to settle it was certain to prove an arduous enterprise. In this instance Mignet, whose temperate caution is rarely overcome by sympathy or antipathy, had placed on record his belief in Philip's jealousy of Perez; while Ranke, whose sagacity is rarely at fault, had refused his assent to this explanation of the King's conduct. But the subject was specially Mignet's own; and it must therefore have been most satisfactory to M. Muro, on submitting his work to a third authority of the highest rank, M. Gachard of Brussels, to be assured by the latter that the arguments and proofs of the book seemed to him irrefragable. "On ne pourra plus," he writes, "imprimer désormais que Philippe II. fut l'amant de Doña Ana de Mendoza."

If the doubtfulness of the question is sufficiently illustrated by the noteworthy differences of opinion which have existed or

continue to exist with regard to it, the full importance of the answer which it may ultimately be judged to have received can hardly be appreciated without a fuller survey of the various bearings of the subject than can here be attempted. It is, however, manifest that, whether or not we agree with M. Canovas del Castillo in considering that, notwithstanding the fatal error of the policy of Philip II., there was in his conception of his task and in his conduct of affairs something to warrant the application to him of the epithet "great," our view of his character as a ruler cannot fail to be affected by the result of an inquiry into a course of action which on his part extended over a long series of years, and which consequently in some degree furnishes a clue to his general methods and motives of procedure. Again, the conduct of the Princess is so extraordinary in its reckless determination and all but indomitable obstinacy, that, supposing no directly personal grievance to have prompted the King's action towards her, her resistance to the Royal will assumes an almost typical significance, as is well pointed out by M. Muro in the closing words of his volume. "She seems to us," he says, "like the last representative of the old Castilian nobility." It is to an examination of her career that he has as much as possible confined himself, only passing beyond the limits of his immediate subject when it was unavoidable. To supplement the narrative before us it is therefore necessary to turn to M. Mignet's well-known monograph on *Philip II. and Antonio Perez*, which, with the lucidity characteristic of its author, narrates a life paralleled in its extraordinary vicissitudes by hardly any other, even in an age so prolific of changes of fortune as the epoch proper of modern European despotism. In the days of the decay of the old English drama such figures as Anne de Mendoza and Antonio Perez might perhaps have inspired admiration on the stage; and even to students unable to feel towards either any other kind of sympathy than that which misfortune may claim as its due, the difference in their later experiences may seem to illustrate with almost tragic force the difference between the doom of man's ambition and that of woman's passion. The persecution of Perez set a kingdom on fire, leading as it did to one of the most notable, and, in its results, most momentous, revolutions of Spanish history—the revolution through which Aragon lost its ancient liberties; and his figure as a restless exile and intriguer became familiar to the England of the later years of Elizabeth and to the France of Henry IV. He ended his days in poverty and want, sighing in vain for permission to return to die in the land in the rule of which he had once had so great a share. The Princess of Eboli, in the enjoyment of whose favours the vanity of the adventurer had once celebrated its most brilliant triumph, had a different fate. Her imperious pride was physically and morally quenched rather than broken by a rigour of treatment as cruel as the tortures which had forced confession from Perez—she was almost literally buried alive.

No life had ever begun more brilliantly, or, in the days of early womanhood, with greater promise of happiness as well as splendour, than that of Anne de Mendoza. By birth she belonged to one of the most illustrious houses of the monarchy, though sprung from a strangely irregular branch of the great family tree. The Mendozas, said to have been of Biscayan origin, had for three centuries and more held high rank in Castile; till in the days of Philip II. the chief of the house, the Duke del Infantado, was lord in different parts of the kingdom of 800 villages and 90,000 vassals. This was the grandee whom in 1574 one of the King's Ministers suggested as a suitable person for the office of Governor of Flanders, inasmuch as he could take with him to his Government "as many as 20 kinsmen of his own, each of whom would be followed by 20 companies of 300 noblemen, chosen from among their relations, dependents, and clients." The father of Anne, the second Count of Melito, created Prince and Duke of Francavilla by Philip II., was a grandson of the great Cardinal de Mendoza and a Portuguese lady of honour to the Queen (Joan) of Henry IV. of Castile. Of this illegitimate but distinguished side-line Anne, born in 1540, was destined to be the last representative. Her wealth made her hand a coveted prize; and thus she was, according to the fashion of the age, in her thirteenth year given in marriage to the chosen associate and favourite of the heir-apparent Philip, Ruy Gomez de Silva, the one man towards whom the goodwill and confidence of his master never wavered and whose career was one of unbroken royal favour and success. After Philip's accession to the throne Ruy Gomez was made Prince of Eboli, a grandee of Spain, and Duke of Estremadura and of Pastrana. The services which he rendered to his royal master were worthy of the recompense they received in honours and in wealth; and in the history of Philip II. the counsels of Ruy Gomez, who died in 1573, are identified with a policy of moderation and caution which survived for some years after the death of this "Aristotle in the philosophy of the knowledge of kings."

The suspicion that the marriage of Anne de Mendoza to Ruy Gomez had been contrived by Philip as a cover to his own amours with the lady certainly seems preposterous. The donation made on the occasion to the newly-married couple was, as M. Muro shows, in complete accordance with custom; indeed Philip had offered a gift of a considerable amount to the same Ruy Gomez when his marriage with another lady had been in question. Anne was then, as we have said, twelve years of age; and soon after the marriage ceremony, at which he had been present, the Prince quitted Spain, whither he did not return for several years. Her husband, too, was, with the exception of a brief visit to the

* *La Princesse d'Eboli*. Par Gaspar Muro. Précédée d'une lettre-préface de M. Canovas del Castillo. Traduit de l'Espagnol par Alfred Weil. Paris: G. Charpentier. 1878.

Emperor Charles V. in his retreat at San Yuste, absent from Spain till the close of the year 1559, at which date the married life of the Prince and Princess of Eboli really began. There is no indication whatever of the happiness of their union having been in any way disturbed. M. Mignet indeed discovered in a Venetian MS. of the year 1584, at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, a passage attributing a royal paternity to the Duke "de P—," which name could only apply to the Duke of Pastrana (the eldest son of the Princess), whose title is mentioned in the very MS. in question. But this bit of late and timid scandal cannot weigh very heavily in the balance; and, taken together with the insinuation of Perez that the King was wroth with him for his better fortunes as an admirer of the Princess, proves too much. On the other hand, by way of negative evidence, a private journal kept by one of the French ladies of honour to Philip's second consort, Queen Elizabeth (of Valois), which mentions the intimacy between the Queen and the Princess, makes no allusion to any relation between the latter and the King. In 1569, moreover, St. Theresa, on the invitation of the Princess, spent three months at Pastrana, superintending the foundation there of two Carmelite convents; and it seems a fair inference that such a guest would hardly have accepted the hospitality, or co-operated in the pious works, of a lady known or rumoured to be the mistress of the King.

With the death of her husband, to whom she had borne ten children, begins the second and stormy part of Anne de Mendoza's career. His control had passed away, and of controlling herself she seems to have been incapable. She began by forming a resolution to take the veil in her own nunnery at Pastrana, where she speedily rendered the lives of the sisters an intolerable burden to them; and it needed the intervention of the King (whose letters on the occasion certainly reveal no traces of a personal feeling towards the Princess) to make her quit the convent and attend to the interests of her children, of whom her husband's will had constituted her the guardian. For nearly three years she resided in her own palace at Pastrana; till in 1576 the re-marriage of her father and the claims set up by a cousin to part of the family property obliged her to come to Madrid to look after her interests. Her father soon afterwards dying without leaving a child by his second marriage, she was sole heiress of his wealth. It was now that was formed that strange intimacy which in the end proved fatal to the future of the Princess of Eboli. Antonio Perez, originally a protégé of her husband, was now at the height of his influence as the favourite secretary of the King; but his ambition was not content with power; it also longed for that kind of notoriety which to some minds is as sweet as fame. M. Muro hints a doubt whether it was mere passion which moved him to seek the favours of a woman of thirty-six years of age, whose beauty must have been in its decline, and who was, moreover, disfigured by the loss of an eye. The defect in question is rather startling in the one authentic portrait of the Princess, engraved in this volume; M. Muro states that it was the result of a blow; while M. Mignet asserts that "elle n'était pas borgne, mais louche (*tuerta*)."^{*} Schiller, by the way, can hardly have been aware of the circumstance, or he would not have opened the scene between the Queen and her ladies by a compliment on the part of the former to the "merry eyes" of the Princess of Eboli. What drew her to Perez is more easily to be guessed. She stood alone, and he was the most influential Minister of the day. But the support on which she chose to lean drew her down into the ruin of his own collapse.

The murder of D'Escobedo, and its consequences to the King's agent in this peculiar exercise of the dispensing power which was attributed to the sovereign by thoroughgoing monarchists, are events on which we cannot here comment. That the death of this too loyal servant of her husband was welcome to the Princess there can be no doubt; her share in the murder is a matter of conjecture. In the resistance opposed by Perez to a reconciliation with his rival Vazquez, who had recommended an inquiry into the murder of D'Escobedo, but who would gladly have been freed from his fears of Perez by coming to an amicable understanding with him, he was throughout supported by the Princess; and, when at last Perez was arrested, a similar fate necessarily befel his *confidante*. So recklessly had the personal relations between them been conducted, that immediately after his arrest the Princess, accompanied by a duenna, was found in the street before his door by some of her kinsmen. They escorted her home, where a captain of the Royal Guard soon appeared to take her in charge. "Has it ever been seen before that a lady of my rank was arrested because she declined to reconcile herself with an enemy?" Such was her characteristic exclamation before consenting to be led to her first prison, in the tower of Pinto. Hence she was afterwards transferred to the castle of San Torcaz, where she fell seriously ill, and she was then allowed to reside at Pastrana, apparently free, but in reality prohibited from passing beyond the walls of the palace. Though she had entered into communications with Perez, and though, when the inquiry against the latter was actually opened, evidence was, as a matter of course, brought forward against her as well as him, yet the King caused the suppression of all the charges brought against her during the progress of the inquiry, and no sentence was pronounced upon her, although she was deprived of the guardianship of her children and the administration of their property. We do not think that any conclusion unfavourable to Philip need be drawn from this. The woman whose doings he screened was the widow of his best-beloved servant.

The last chapter of her story is pitiable enough. The rigours

of her confinement were increased; and, as no prisoner could previously have shown a stronger disposition to make use of the amount of liberty accorded to her (she had even hired bravos, as if she had been a free woman), this is not to be wondered at, more especially as an apprehension doubtless existed that she might seek to imitate the example of Perez and make her escape, as he had done with the aid of his faithful wife. With the gentleman appointed guardian of her property and keeper of her person she held no direct communication; her companions were her youngest daughter and three or four waiting-women. At last, after her life had become one of sheer misery, sickness and lethargy came upon her; and in February 1592 she died, having spent the last twelve and a half years of her life under restraint. If there is little dignity in the record of her sufferings, it is painful enough to recall the doom of Mary Queen of Scots, to whose character that of the Princess, in its passionate persistency, bears a certain resemblance.

M. Muro has, we think, successfully shown that the arrest of Perez and his paramour was a political necessity for Philip II., and at the same time that it was one which he would willingly have avoided, although it was the direct result of his system of administration by rivals. There was a very fair probability that they might have proceeded to rid themselves on their own account of Vazquez, as Perez had formerly rid himself and his master of D'Escobedo. In any case the situation had become an untenable one. When twenty years afterwards Perez desired to interest Europe in his fate, and composed his *Relaciones*, it suited him to insinuate, in Tacitean fashion, how "some people thought" the King's motives to have been those of private jealousy; "they supposed that, under pretext of the intimacy between the pair (Perez and the Princess), he (the King) avenged on one of them what had been refused to himself, and on the other what he had not obtained." This charge, which he likewise appears to have advanced in conversation, was eagerly caught up and made popular through the agency of that lively chronicler of scandal, Brantôme. Into native Spanish history it only found its way at a much later date, and it is from Leti's Life of Philip II. that M. Muro supposes Schiller to have derived the scandal. Schiller's *Don Carlos* is, however, really founded on the "novel" of the same name by the Abbé St. Réal, to which we are not able at the present moment to refer. The impression left upon us by M. Muro's review of the evidence on the subject is certainly unfavourable to the conclusions of Mignet, whose secondary evidence appears to us to possess not even a cumulative importance. But perhaps the chief value of the volume before us lies in the illustration it furnishes of the method of government pursued by Philip II., who always meant to act for the best—even when he ordered the murder of D'Escobedo.

KENNEDY'S LAPLAND AND NORWAY.*

OF books on Norway there is no end, yet now and then we have a new one which is far from unwelcome. For the impressions suggested by the land of the fiord, the fiord, and the saga are so infinitely varied that the well-worn subject may still be treated by a sympathetic writer with a certain originality and freshness. The chief fault we have to find with Captain Clark Kennedy is not that he has made his book too long, but that he has made it somewhat bulky. Reading quietly in an easy chair at home, one is grateful for the good type, substantial paper, and ample margin. But if we contemplated a trip to Scandinavia this season, we might find it inconvenient to have Captain Kennedy for a travelling companion; for, when luggage must be cut down for packing in a carriage, the bulk of the travelling library is matter for serious consideration. Captain Kennedy knows Norway well, and the country has grown on him with long acquaintance. He has gone in for Norwegian field sports in winter as well as in summer, so that, although the "six weeks" on his title-page may seem to imply shallow and superficial observation, in reality he is refreshing his old recollections. On this occasion he was accompanied by his wife, and Mrs. Kennedy must evidently be an admirable walker, while she can manage the rough ponies in the carriages quite as cleverly as her husband. She does not mind prolonged exposure in an open rowing-boat; she can go long on the strength of her last meal until time and circumstances provide her with another; and she seems to be full of life and spirits, with a fortunate capacity for enjoyment. What they did they did thoroughly, though quickly, and on the whole they were very lucky in their weather. They made their way north as far as Tromsø, which is genuinely arctic to all intents and purposes, since they passed some days there in perpetual sunlight. Of course they saw nothing especially new. They made no fresh discovery of remarkable waterfalls, nor did they camp out on the open fields or quarter themselves in Alpine *Soclers*. They drove along some of the best-known roads, crossing the bleak plateau of the Dovrefield to Trondhjem, whence they went northwards by coasting steamer, visiting the Lofoden Isles on their way. And from Tromsø they steamed south again to Bergen, whence they made their way by road and rail to the capital. In his graphic descriptions of the scenery, and in his interesting digressions on the manners and customs of the Norwegians and Laps, Captain

* To the Arctic Regions and Back in Six Weeks: being a Summer Tour to Lapland and Norway, with Notes on Sport and Natural History. By Captain A. W. M. Clark Kennedy, late Coldstream Guards. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

Kennedy is always reminding us of the inquiring young gentleman in the old story of *Eyes and no Eyes*. He is on all occasions intelligently inquisitive. He "draws" the farmers, the peasants, and the fishermen as to their pursuits and special knowledge. We find him a well-informed cicerone when we accompany him to the stores of the merchants who sell a little of everything that is likely to find customers in those latitudes. He is something of an archaeologist; he amuses himself in his leisure hours with sketching materials and fishing-rods, and, above all, he is a skilful and enthusiastic naturalist. Indeed his knowledge of natural history and his liking for it give the book its greatest charm. When a mere boy he wrote a little work on the "Birds of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire" which gained him no little credit, and since then he has followed up his favourite pursuit. We know no writer on the natural history of Scandinavia, with the exception perhaps of Lloyd and the "Old Bushman," who has told us more than we care to know about Norwegian beasts, birds, and fishes. Further, he has carefully got up the literature of the country in its various departments; and he has the knack of assimilating the authorities he quotes so as to blend them pleasantly with the original matter.

The travellers left England in the beginning of June, and, steaming up the picturesque fjord of Christiania, Captain Kennedy was surprised to note the strange absence of wild fowl. Formerly, when making that voyage in the spring, he had been accustomed to see them in swarms. He explains their scarcity by presuming that they had withdrawn during the breeding season to the less frequented parts of the rugged coast. Yet there was no want of animation, for a great fleet of fishing-boats was busy among shoals of mackerel, while the unfortunate fish were making bounds out of the water to escape a lively troop of porpoises. Ashore the heat was suffocating, and indeed the heat and the mosquitoes are the great objections to selecting Norway as the scene of a summer holiday. But the temperature did not seem to affect the travellers' appetites, though they were glad to take refuge from it in the well-ventilated dining-room at the Victoria Hotel. Late as they arrived, and well as Captain Kennedy knew the country, their repast surpassed his most sanguine expectations. "Such a supper it was never before our fortune to see, and that meal can never fade from our memory." What with freshly-caught salmon and trout served in every shape, Greenwich was thrown altogether into the shade. Nor, on the whole, did they fare very ill in the interior, since they had somewhat anticipated the ordinary tourist season. But to visitors who have to scramble in the rush, Captain Kennedy recommends laying in a selected stock of potted meats, as the latest comers on a summer evening are apt to find bare larders at the posting stations. Grease for the wheels, ropes and twine to splice the harness, straps to secure the luggage, with brandy in case of illness, are almost indispensable. The travellers hired a couple of comfortable new carriages, and although the charges were high, they had no reason to regret the bargain. It is a drawback to a Norwegian driving tour, when it is your object to be in light travelling order, that you must always carry heavy wraps with you. The road winds out of the sweltering depths of some valley where the slightest coverings are almost oppressive, on to a bare plateau where you meet a biting wind, and are possibly caught in a driving snow-storm. Notwithstanding these objectionable caprices of the weather, which are rather the rule than the exception, the party thoroughly enjoyed the drive to Trondjhem. The description leaves us with the usual impression of picturesque atmospheric effects, of dazzling snow peaks and dark fir woods, of tumbling waterfalls, brawling streams, and bright green meadows. Nature remains the same, in spite of the evidences of increasing agricultural enterprise. But what struck our author, and not agreeably, was the extraordinary rise in the price of the articles that are sought after by tourists, since he paid his former visits to these districts. The ingenious counterfeiters of Birmingham do a thriving trade among the Norwegians, who are gradually ceasing to be honest and simple. Spurious silver ornaments are everywhere supplied to travellers in artistic profusion; while the genuine articles have gone up extravagantly. If you higgie, the invariable answer is that, if you don't care to buy, you may leave it for somebody else. The seller will have his price sooner or later. And, if you ask who are likely to be his customers, you are told "the Americans." In fact, the Americans are spoiling the market in Norway, as they have spoiled it long ago in Italy and elsewhere. At the same time, and especially in the articles of skins and pelts, we cannot see that, on Captain Kennedy's own showing, the tourist has much reason to complain. It surprises us, on the contrary, that in these days of free intercommunication a few leagues of sea more or less should make the scale of prices vary so enormously. Thus, dealing for bear skins at Trondjhem, the travellers were asked 10*l.* for a very fine specimen. On declining to take it at any price, it was given them for half the money. But even 10*l.* seems to have been cheap enough in all conscience, seeing that Captain Kennedy adds that it would readily command 20*l.* or 30*l.* in London; while the furs of the white fox, which cost them 7*s.*, "would be worth in England several sovereigns apiece." One of these unpretending fur and down depôts is among the most interesting sights in the country. In the dim lofts of his warehouses at Trondjhem Mr. Bruun showed them his magnificent stock of eider-down, where hundreds of pillows and bolsters were piled one above the other; and there was a splendid exhibition of quilts made of the skins of the birds, and edged with the down. There should be profitable trading to be done to the

north among the Laplanders, seeing that sham jewelry of coloured glass and the tiny mirrors which are so highly valued by that unsophisticated people can be purchased at Trondjhem for a penny each.

Nothing can well be grander in its way than the coast scenery in the land-locked seas between the mainland and the Loffodens. The travellers were basking under an almost vertical sun, while reposing their aching eyes on snow summits and glaciers. "As we crossed the famed Arctic Circle, we saw far away to the westward the four isolated peaks of the islands of Threnen, which stand up erect as towers in the ocean, as if placed there as sentinels to keep watch and ward over the entrance to the Polar Seas." They sat up on deck to watch for the midnight sun; and at a quarter to twelve, when seemingly on the eve of the sunset which never came, "the lights were splendid, and the white-capped mountains were covered with a panoply of every hue of the rainbow, while the sea around was one golden-purple blaze of tiny wavelets." At midnight they saw "the blood-red ball of the sun," so brilliant a mass of glowing flame that they could hardly bear to fix their eyes on it. They could still feel the power of his rays, though a cold north-easterly breeze was blowing straight from Spitzbergen. When such impressive phenomena and so absolute a change of scene are within the reach of a six weeks' run from England, it is only wonderful that the Norwegian voyage should not be even more popular than it is. Of the famous Maelstrom Captain Kennedy does not make much. Its terrors, like those of our own Corryvreckan, have been strangely exaggerated by song and fable. It is "merely a rough stretch of water between two islands, and which at certain states of the tide is dangerous enough." Wrecks there are of course, for those waters are dangerous; but when the tide is slack and the weather calm, the fishermen run over it with impunity in their little open boats. What specially delighted them in the Loffodens were the innumerable cascades, "falling from the snow-capped mountains and glaciers into the fjords, often from a height of over 3,000 feet"; while the lower slopes of the hills are enamelled with beautiful wild flowers, and there is a rare variety of seaweeds fringing the fjords for those who can appreciate those marine gardens. There is a most interesting account of an excursion which the visitors made from Tromsø to the neighbouring Lap settlement, and of a visit they paid on the way to a breeding place of the eider ducks. Captain Kennedy apologizes, very unnecessarily, for the prolixity of what he has to tell about the Laps and their reindeer. We wish we had space to follow him into some of the curious details, and to accompany him southward on the return voyage. But there is not a chapter in the book that has not more or less fascination, and we heartily recommend it for leisurely perusal.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE splendid volume recently published by M. Frœhner* forms, so to say, a sequel to M. Lenormant's lectures on numismatics, which we reviewed a little while ago. It is a singular fact that no text has yet been found stating the use of bronze medallions in antiquity, or the name by which they were known. Lampridius indeed leads us to suppose that when they were struck in gold or in silver they served as marks of the liberality of the Emperors, and this fact is confirmed by Gregorius Turonensis; but on the subject of bronze pieces we are absolutely reduced to conjectures. Lebeau and Barthélemy had thrown out the idea that a certain number of them were destined to be fixed to the military standards; Ecknel thinks that they were struck by order of the Senate on special occasions. M. Frœhner rejects the former of the hypotheses we have mentioned; and, whilst accepting the latter for some few medallions, he honestly declares that the purpose of most of them is still completely unknown. One thing is quite certain—namely, that the medallions represented the most artistic results of the mind in antiquity. Our author has reproduced two magnificent specimens belonging to the reigns of Hadrian and of Antoninus, and which were offered by the Senate to these two monarchs as New Year's presents, in order to wish them *annum novum faustum felicem*. It is not impossible that medallions should have been universally adopted amongst the Romans as valuable gifts, and monuments of such artistic merit, retracing besides, as they did, historical events, religious traditions and national usages, certainly constituted very elegant and appropriate presents. At any rate, the beautiful work of M. Frœhner is full of the most interesting details on Roman art and Roman history; the letterpress is complete without being too specially erudite, and the 1,310 medallions engraved are taken from such rare specimens, that but for this work the student would not be able to become acquainted with them.

MM. Guieysse and Lefébure† have rendered special service to the science of Egyptology by their publication. It is well known that the famous book of the dead which gives us valuable particulars on the religious and metaphysical doctrines of the ancient Egyptians exists in a rather large number of different versions, and that it received its definite shape only at the time of the twenty-fifth dynasty. It is from a comparative study of the various readings alone that we could form

* *Les médaillons de l'Empire Romain depuis le règne d'Auguste jusqu'à Priscus Attale*. Par W. Frœhner. Paris: Rothschild.

† *Le papyrus funéraire de Soutimès, d'après un exemplaire hiéroglyphique du livre des morts*. Par MM. Guieysse et Lefébure. Paris: Leroux.

some idea of the progressive phases through which these doctrines passed, and this branch of Egyptian lore has not yet been thoroughly investigated. The text published by MM. Guéysson and Lefebvre apparently belongs to the twentieth dynasty (sixteenth century B.C.), and it is not complete; by editing it, however, with illustrative commentaries, the two French *savants* have added much excellent information to what we already knew on the subject, and we are glad to see that such labours, necessarily addressed to a comparatively small circle of readers, are duly appreciated.

For many years M. Gaffarel has devoted his attention and his studies to the history of the French colonies in America, and he had already published some time ago a book treating of the endeavours made by the French Huguenots to settle in Florida. The present volume disposes of a wider subject, and touches upon questions of a still more interesting nature.* If we may believe M. Gaffarel, a merchant of Dieppe, Jean Cousin by name, had reached South America several years before the earliest expedition of Christopher Columbus, and had discovered the river Amazon. It is proved beyond a doubt, at all events, that the coast of Brazil was explored at a very early date by sailors from Normandy, and we may name amongst these venturesome men a certain Sieur de Gonneville, who brought over to Europe the son of a native chief, had him educated, and married him to his daughter. The history of the Anglo family is well known, and forms one of the most interesting parts of M. Gaffarel's work. The brothers had acquired immense riches by their trade with South America, and even risen to high political distinction. Jean Anglo became the friend of King Francis I., who bestowed upon him a patent of nobility, and named him the Governor of the town of Dieppe. But the name chiefly associated with the history of French colonization in Brazil is that of Villegaignon, who during the sixteenth century attempted to obtain, on behalf of his native country, possession of South America. We need not repeat here the history of the expedition, the mistakes committed by Villegaignon, and the train of circumstances which placed the colony in the hands of the Portuguese; our readers must trace all these details in the work of M. Gaffarel, which is certainly the best we have seen on that particular episode in the history of European colonies.

The peculiar feature of the work composed by M. Accolas on political science † is that, whilst it contains a violent attack upon Christianity, it is no less vehement in its denunciations of the various systems produced during the last half-century as the substitutes for the religion of the Gospels. The Socialists of every kind, Auguste Comte, MM. Littré, Renan, Jules Simon, and Herbert Spencer are all examined in succession, pulled to pieces in the most ruthless manner, and treated with the greatest contempt. Strangely enough M. Accolas attempts to reconstruct political science on the most revolutionary substratum imaginable—the Declaration of 1793 and the Constitution of the year II. of the Republic, which the National Convention voted, but could never carry out.

After an interval of several years, M. Schwab has given us the second volume of his French translation of the Talmud. No *savant* was better qualified to grapple with so gigantic an enterprise, and we were regretting that the publication seemed suspended, perhaps, as we thought, from want of encouragement. We are all the more rejoiced at finding that our fears were not justified, and we hope that M. Schwab will proceed with his laborious work as speedily as possible.‡ From the statement made in the preface to this volume, it seems that M. Schwab was expecting the publication of certain Talmudic treatises edited by MM. Frankel and Lehmann, in order to consult the notes and criticisms those works might be expected to contain. After a long interval of waiting, he has thought it best to proceed independently with his own publication, merely availing himself of the assistance which could be derived from existing sources. The translation we are announcing, like the one printed in 1872, will be found useful, not only by rabbinical students, but by all scholars interested in linguistic researches; and the numerous notes added at the foot of almost every page supply a variety of curious parallels with most of the Eastern languages. The treatises here translated by M. Schwab are four in number, and they belong to the part of the Talmud which treats of the legislative enactments connected with agricultural pursuits.

M. Abel Hovelacque is one of those who believe (1) that the hypothesis of a creation is absolutely disproved by the conclusions of modern chemistry; (2) that persons rash enough to admit the old views on the origin of man are guilty of settling difficulties without having bestowed upon them sufficient attention. Theodicy and metaphysics are of course ignored by M. Abel Hovelacque, who deems that nothing is to be admitted except the data supplied by the study of matter, and the facts which the experience of the senses places beyond doubt. Our author begins his work with a retrospective survey of evolutionism, as stated in the writings of the last century. He is loud in his praises of Lamarck and of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire; he then shows us Messrs. Wallace, Darwin, and Huxley taking up, after an interval of

thirty years, the theory of transformism, and here again he accuses his opponents of deciding *a priori*, and without an attempt of serious examination, the questions bearing upon the origin of species. However, when we come to ask M. Abel Hovelacque who our ancestor was, he acknowledges that he cannot answer; he informs us plainly enough that neither he nor any other naturalist of the advanced school sees in the gorilla and the chimpanzee the immediate progenitors of the human race; but between the highest representatives of the ape family and ourselves he affirms that there must have been a missing link, an animal to which the designation of our ancestor properly belongs. M. Hovelacque, whilst he is so fond of laughing at the credulity of those who decline to adopt Mr. Darwin's conclusions, rather shows too much inclination for hypotheses himself. No adept of the modern school of thought should be satisfied with phrases such as "it is probable that . . . it is not unlikely that . . ."; and in the name of science we ask for statements of a more conclusive nature.

The Abbé C. de P., Chaplain of the Palace of the Luxembourg in Paris, would no doubt be regarded by M. Hovelacque as an obscurantist and a hopelessly prejudiced man. His little volume* on the truths of Christianity is designed to show in a popular style that the truths of religion are independent of political forces, and that they can find their application equally well under Republican and monarchical institutions. The work is written in a simple, easy style, and illustrated by an appendix of notes.

The brochure † contributed to M. Germer-Baillière's *Bibliothèque utile* by M. Zaborowski is a summary of the researches supposed to establish as a fact the hypothesis that man's ancestor is an ape of the family of the *Dryopithecus Fastani*. It is a fortunate circumstance that up to the present time there is no law compelling us to acknowledge the genealogy which the contemporary school of naturalists has devised for our benefit.

M. Eugène Véron ‡ has written on the science of æsthetics and its various manifestations a volume full of the most interesting remarks, which we cordially recommend to the attention of our readers. M. Véron's book is divided into two parts, the former treating of general questions applicable in the same degree to all the forms of æsthetics; the latter classifying the arts, examining them separately, and showing what they should be in order to accomplish their purpose.

M. Bonnaffé § belongs to the family of curiosity-mongers—a family which reckons amongst its members Sauvageot, Du Sommerard, Lamoignon, and Cardinal Richelieu himself. With a large-heartedness equalled, we trust, by the capacity of his purse, M. Bonnaffé collects everything collectable—books, lace, old china, old pictures, buhl furniture, tapestry, armour. What is better still, he discourses about all these topics with much taste, and with that genuine enthusiasm which is contagious. The only dread which our virtuous's amusing volume need inspire in those who read is that, thoroughly won over by his example, they may ruin themselves very speedily whilst imitating the energy which has inspired him; fortunately he has provided against this sad eventuality by devoting a chapter to the formation of a *musée qui ne coûte rien*. Backed by real authority, curiosity-mongers will, we doubt not, rush forthwith into extremities of every kind.

The work of M. Baudrillart || treats of a subject which had never yet been examined as it should, and yet the history of luxury is an important element in the progress of civilization, and it has influenced in the most decisive manner the annals of the world. M. Baudrillart has evidently bestowed a considerable amount of attention upon the topics discussed in his book, and we are quite sure that under his guidance we do not run the risk of being led astray by fanciful theories. The theory of luxury is first submitted to our notice. It would be an error to suppose that it is the exclusive mark of advanced civilization, and that it belongs only to periods of social prosperity. M. Baudrillart finds unmistakable signs of a fondness for luxury even amongst comparatively barbarous communities, and he states the philosophical theory of what seems to him a principle inherent to human nature. Taking us to the East, he examines from his special point of view the history of Egypt, Babylonia, India, and China. The first volume ends with Greece, the favoured country where is to be found the cradle of our modern civilization, and where the extreme rigorism enforced by the Spartans had to meet the more humane traditions of the Ionians and the Alexandrians. The volume we are now considering is the *résumé* of lectures delivered in 1866 at the Collège de France. At that time the question of luxury, both public and private, was engaging general attention, and even the stage had felt it its duty to denounce the combined evils of extravagant display and of speculation. M. Baudrillart thought that the problem deserved to be carefully examined, and he was struck at the same time by the insufficiency of the solutions proposed. Whether they were satires or apologies, they had always the character of exaggeration, and it was high time that an impartial judge should step forward, ready with the explanation of facts which he was neither bound to attack violently nor to defend

* *Histoire du Brésil Français au XVI^e siècle*. Par P. Gaffarel. Paris: Maisonneuve.

† *Philosophie de la science politique, et commentaire de la déclaration des droits de l'homme de 1793*. Par E. Accolas. Paris: Marescq.

‡ *Le Talmud de Jérusalem*. Traduit pour la première fois par Moïse Schwab. Vol. II. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *Notre ancêtre, recherches d'anatomie et d'ethnologie sur le précurseur de l'homme*. Par Abel Hovelacque. Paris: Leroux.

* *Les vérités du Christianisme appliquées à la société quelle que soit la forme de son gouvernement*. Par l'Abbé C. de P. Paris: Leroux.

† *L'homme préhistorique*. Par Zaborowski. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *L'esthétique*. Par Eugène Véron. Paris: Reinwald.

§ *Causeries sur l'art et la curiosité*. Par Edmond Bonnaffé. Paris: Quantin.

|| *Histoire du luxe public et privé*. Par M. Baudrillart. Vol. I. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

at any price. Such is the character of M. Baudrillart's volume and we only hope that the sequel will soon follow.

M. Michelet had entertained the idea of composing under the title of *Golden Legend* a kind of Revolutionary almanac*, including short biographies of distinguished Republicans belonging to every class of society. When in 1851 he was dismissed from his lectureship at the Collège de France, he resolved upon devoting his leisure to the carrying out of this design; but it was never accomplished, and the volume just published is the only remaining vestige of the projected work. It consists of three biographical sketches; one of Latour d'Auvergne, another of General Hoche, and a third one of Mameli, who took a leading part in the Italian Revolution of 1848. Whilst relating the exploits of this young man, M. Michelet explains the difference which existed between the French outbreak and the rising which convulsed the Peninsula. The Paris barricades were erected chiefly in the name of economic doctrines, and with the view of bringing about the reorganization of work; the question of capital and labour had taken the place of political considerations, and the principles at stake were those of society itself. At Naples, at Turin, at Rome, on the other hand, the primary thing to be settled was national independence, and the political unity of Italy. If the *Tedeschi* and the Bourbons were once got rid of, the rest would follow in due course.

The deluge of publications on the subject of Voltaire has recently been increased by M. Eugène Noël's† biographical sketch, which, we need scarcely say, is from beginning to end written in the strain of a thorough panegyric. Our author does not even feel satisfied with Lord Brougham's work, which he describes as *visiblement anglais*, and which certainly cannot be accused of depreciating the Ferney philosopher. Alluding to Rousseau, M. Noël remarks that, although the *Emile* and the *Contrat social* have exercised upon European society the greatest influence, yet, after all, Voltaire's practical, clear, and common-sense nature has prevailed over the "vague sentimentalities" of his rival. We can only wish that such should have been the case, much as we object to many of Voltaire's ideas; but the progress of the Revolution and the course it assumed during the régime of the Legislative Assembly and of the Convention is, we believe, entirely due to the prevalence of Rousseau's political theories. A few necessary reforms in the government of the State and the administration of justice, the revision of the penal laws, and the widest tolerance in matters of religion would have satisfied Voltaire, and seemed to him perfectly consistent with monarchical institutions. The *Contrat social*, as every one knows who has read it carefully, does not stop there; its symbol is not the crown but the red cap, its result is not freedom but the despotism of the mob.

The summer season brings along with it the usual handbooks and illustrated guides for excursionists both in France and abroad. The indefatigable M. Joanne tempts us to Fontainebleau‡, and makes our visit there doubly interesting by describing to us, not only the forest and its natural beauties, but the numerous historical episodes which have taken place within the walls of the palace. The murder of Monaldeschi, the first interview of Napoleon I. with the Pope Pius VII., the Emperor's farewell address to his Old Guard—such are the most striking events connected with Fontainebleau, that splendid monument of the Renaissance epoch, where Rosso, Primaticcio, Benvenuto Cellini, Jean Goujon, and Pierre Lesclapart have left imperishable remains of their genius.

A very small volume, illustrated with plans, maps, and woodcuts, condenses in a portable manner all that travellers need know about the environs of Paris.§ After having studied each locality separately through the means of distinct volumes respectively consecrated to Versailles, St. Germain, St. Cloud, Compiègne, the excursionist one day feels the necessity of collecting his souvenirs; whilst another person, pressed for time and obliged to cram, must needs be satisfied with the hastiest glance at localities and objects each of which would deserve more leisure than he can afford. Here the *guides-diamant* find their use, and appeal successfully to the serious attention of tourists of every class; their motto ought to be "Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti." The history, natural and art curiosities of Holland, treated in the same way by M. du Pays||, are full of interest, and we may shortly expect a volume on the island of Cyprus, both in the *guides-diamant* and in the larger *guides-Joanne*, properly so called.

M. Elie Frébault¶ likewise proffers his services as a guide; but, disdaining the grave, matter-of-fact style which stamps M. Joanne's collection, he aims at being especially amusing, and his book is a *répertoire* of the most extraordinary anecdotes imaginable. If we have a fault to find with M. Frébault, it is that his first chapter would be sufficient to frighten away from Paris the most dauntless traveller; it begins by describing the capital of France as a kind of *forêt périlleuse*, where robbers and footpads are ever ready to pounce upon the ignorant and the inexperienced; where sirens and dragons equally abound *quarantes quem devorent*. His gloomy introduction was perhaps necessary for the purpose of bringing out in stronger relief the excellent advice so plentifully scattered throughout the volume. It is quite certain that if the *greenest* of

"globe-trotters," as the Americans call them, will only follow strictly M. Frébault's directions, he will have no reason to regret it, besides the pleasure of laughing heartily over a number of jokes intended to characterize the leading types of the Parisian population.

The works of fiction we have to notice are so poor that we prefer recommending two old favourites which have been recently re-issued; the one is Jean Paul Richter's *Titan**, excellently translated into French by the late M. Philarette Chasles; the other is the Abbé Prévost's *Manon Lescaut*†, edited, with a preface, by M. Alexandre Dumas fils, and beautifully printed in London at the Chiswick Press.

* *Titan*. Par T. P. F. Richter, traduit de l'Allemand par Philarette Chasles. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Histoire de Manon Lescaut*. Par l'Abbé Prévost. Préface par Alex. Dumas, de l'Académie Française. Londres: Glades.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk, Hon. Secretary.

GUILDHALL LIBRARY.—The Library Committee of the Corporation of the City of London hereby give Notice that this LIBRARY will be CLOSED from Friday the 2nd until Tuesday the 6th August next inclusive. MONCKTON.

Guildhall, July 26, 1878.

* *Les soldats de la Révolution*. Par T. Michelet. Paris: Lévy.

† *Voltaire, sa vie et ses œuvres; sa lutte contre Rousseau*. Par A. Noël. Paris: Dreyfous.

‡ *Fontainebleau; guides-Joanne*. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Environs de Paris; guides-diamant*. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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¶ *La vie de Paris*. Par Elie Frébault. Paris: Dentu.

KING'S COLLEGE LECTURES ON PUBLIC READING AND SPEAKING.—The Rev. A. J. D. DORSEY, B.D., Lect. K.C.L., will LECTURE, if invited, in the CHIEF TOWNS during August. Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, till August 6.

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Moscard, William George	1,525
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